

# SICK

No. 89

mac  
16188

40¢

MAY 1972

THE MAGAZINE  
THAT DARES TO BE  
DIFFERENT!



FREE BONUS:  
**FROWN BUTTON**  
EMBLEM & PATCH

(see back cover)

IS THE WORLD  
COMING TO A START?

(see inside pages)

**SICK**  
HELPS PRESENT  
YOUTH DECAY  
(see entire issue)

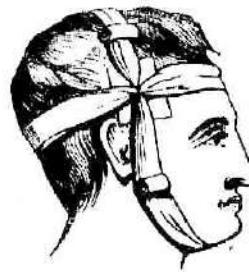
LUGG

SPECIAL  
BONUS CUTOUTS

# MEDICAL DONOR CARDS

Idea by DAVID MALEH

PARTS OF YOU TO BE GIVEN AWAY UPON YOUR DEATH



## BRAIN DONOR CARD

I, being of very sound mind, hereby will my brain upon death to

Lester Maddox

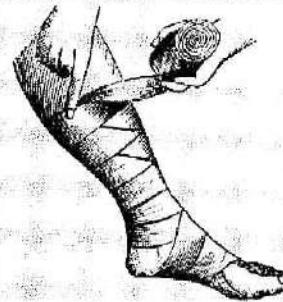
or, if said person be unable to accept it, than to

George Wallace

This donor brain is given for the specific purpose of transplanting it in lieu of the other brain, which is known to be sick and diseased.

SIGNED:

(sign your name here)



## FOOT DONOR CARD

I herewith will my foot after death to:

Martha Mitchell

for the sole purpose of putting it into his (her) mouth. In the event he (she) is unavailable then try

Martha Raye

who has an equally big mouth.

Signature of

Donor:

(sign your name here)



## HEART DONOR CARD

Upon my death, I bequeath my heart to:  
any slum landlord in New York

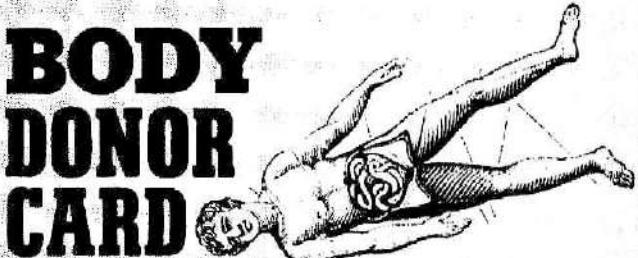
as none of these individuals possesses any of their own.

Should it happen that none of the aforementioned are found, it shouldn't come as a surprise since they never are. In that event give the heart to:

any agent in the William Morris Office

Signed:

(sign your name here)



Be it known that I herewith will my entire body after death to

Ralph Nader

In case he rejects it, then I will it to

Fidel Castro

because since it is defective, on him (her) I don't mind wishing it.

In case the second recipient rejects the body also, just put it in a sack and mail it to SICK Magazine. They'll take anything.

MY  
SIGNATURE

(sign your name here)

MORE INSIDE BACK COVER



# SICK

No. 89

May 1972

Volume 12 Number 2

"Honesty is not the best policy...tact is!"

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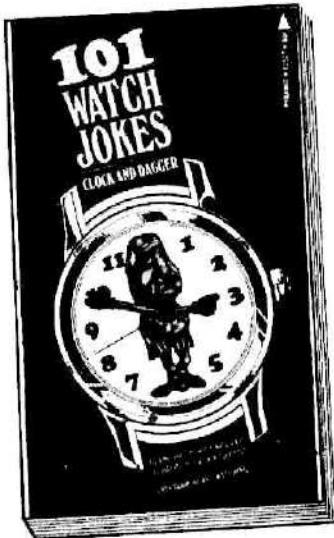
You think  
I'm stoned?  
Wait'll you  
check these  
freaks!



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## NOW IN ITS FIFTH PRINTING!

(the other four were  
blurred)



THE HILARIOUS  
PAPERBACK  
by the Editors of

**SICK**  
ON SALE NOW

ATTENTION WORLD:

Who is Hari Krishna  
and why are they doing  
all those terrible things  
about town?

SEE OUR MOVIE REVIEW

# SICKCERELY YOURS..



Here at the Drug Addiction Unit of this Hospital we thought it would be valuable to use your magazine in one of our programs. Since drug addicts tend to be a rather oppressed and humorless group, we felt that a program which was directed at humorously exploring the cultural inconsistencies and absurdities would do much to alter their attitudes about society. We believe your magazine would be extremely helpful and we hope that you would donate up to 10 copies to our drug unit.

Samuel E. Bleecker  
Northampton State Hospital  
Northampton, Mass.

*We will, in the hope that you all become addicted to SICK!*

Of whom is the bust on the cover of your November issue—or is it

the figment of some artist's imagination?

Jean Thornton  
Cambridge, Mass.  
*Definitely not. That is Huckleberry Fink, and he is the figment of his parents' weird imagination!*

I really enjoy Sick. It is very good. I have 10 of your magazines already...

Richard Morgana  
Flushing, N.Y.  
*So you're the guy who bought them!*

I have just finished reading Sick. Me and my friends agree, the funniest feature in it is Sick As It Seems. Is this going to be a regular feature?

Clifford Deutscher  
New York, N.Y.  
*Now it is!*

STATEMENT OF OWNERSHIP MANAGEMENT AND CIRCULATION (Act of October 23, 1962. Section 369, United States Code):

1. DATE OF FILING: DEC. 7, 1971. 2. TITLE OF PUBLICATION: SICK. 3. FREQUENCY OF ISSUE: 8 regular issues (Feb., Mar., May, June, Aug., Sep., Nov., Dec.) and 2 annual. 4. LOCATION OF KNOWN OFFICE OF PUBLICATION: 919 Third Ave., New York, New York 10022. 5. LOCATION OF THE HEADQUARTERS OR GENERAL BUSINESS OFFICES OF THE PUBLISHERS (not printers): 919 Third Ave., New York, New York 10022.

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7. OWNER (If owned by a corporation, its name and address must be stated; and also immediately thereunder the names and addresses of stockholders owning or holding 1 percent or more of total amount of stock. If not owned by a corporation, the names and addresses of the individual owners must be given. If owned by a partnership or other unincorporated firm, its name and address, as well as that of each individual must be given.)

NAME: HEWFRED PUBLICATIONS, INC. ADDRESS: 919 Third Ave., New York, New York 10022. Philip Hirsch, Vice President, 919 Third Ave., New York, New York 10022.

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10. THIS ITEM MUST BE COMPLETED FOR

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I certify that the statements made by me above are correct and complete.  
(Signature of editor, publisher, business manager, or owner) *(S) Richard D. Lordi*

Help! I'm buried in comic books: Thor, Superman, Ringo Kid, Superboy, Batman, etc. Just 10¢ for a big list. Low prices. There must be someone out there who will buy my comic books!

Wally Kosiba  
Box 25  
Uxbridge, Mass.

*Oh yeah? We're still waiting for someone to buy our comic books!*

I liked the "1972 Presidential Horse Race" in SICK 88. Have you some more like that?

Kevin Carr  
Phila., Pa.

*We will... in 1976!*

I just read your article about "101 Ways To Lose Your Money Without Really Trying." I have something to add: "Read Mad Magazine." You're the greatest!

Joe Leatherman  
Norfolk, Va.

*Thanks, but did you have to mention our competitor's name? That's gonna lose us some money!*

Enclosed is my idea for a Sick cover. Hope you can use it...

Sheila Bottomley  
Miami, Fla.

*We're submitting it to our Art Editor. But be patient, he's at a place where he can only receive one piece of mail a month!*

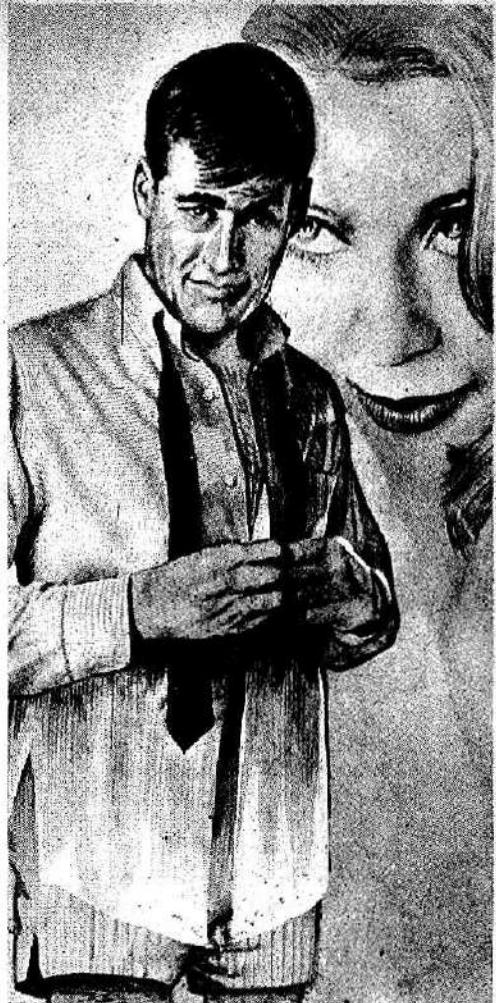
I'm glad that Sick has finally gotten away from the "panel look." I'm sick and tired of reading 48 pages of nothing but panels in the other satire magazines. Now every time I look at a panel I want to throw up!

M. Dubrow  
Ames, Iowa

*You must have a heckuva time passing bathroom walls!*

I picked up a copy of your magazine about a month ago. I don't like the way you make Nixon and Agnew look bad. I think they are doing a good job!

Mark Welch  
Shrewsbury, Mass.  
*Oh well, there's one in every crowd!*



I love watching him  
get dressed  
in the morning...

The cold shower. The leer. The shirt that's ready to take on the world. Everything he does is exciting.

Other men are so dull. So invisible. But Jack swings into a shirt like that as though it were a battle flag.

(Good old Van Verdon, the advertising writer. He wrote the first part of this ad and it's so funny, there's no need for a parody, so we'll just run the rest of the ad.)

Jack's their man. Absolutely. An ivy-covered stubbornness about the roll of that collar. A sneaky vanity about that tapered fit. Sass. Spirit. Red blood.

Gosh, I feel sorry for all those nice little ladies who get up at dawn and hover over a hot stove. This is the way mornings should be...in love in love in love.

(This ad was written by

**VAN VERDON**

the only man in the world  
who ever fell in love with a shirt.)

**FOR MORE NIXON NIFTIES**

SEE PAGE 48

# SICK REVIEWS THE

## • CANNON

William Conrad plays the title role of a fat private detective who makes everybody happy—except crooks and "Weight-Watchers." He never misses getting the criminal (when they use a .45 he uses a cannon). Weighing almost three hundred pounds, he can do everything well—except stay out of sight. His big gimmick is going all over the country solving crimes for police departments that are incapable of handling their own cases—cases that take real brains (which naturally covers the entire United States, including Alaska and Hawaii). His gargantuan shape also helps him extract confessions from criminals without any sweat. If they hesitate, he just threatens to sit on them. There is only one drawback to this series, however. Due to Cannon's huge protruding belly, viewers have to watch it on a wider screen.

## • SARGE

Unless they want to be struck suddenly by a thunderbolt, the critics had better like this show. This is because "Sarge" deals with an ex-cop turned priest and "Somebody Up There" might not take too kindly if the program should get a bad rap. George Kennedy plays the role of this unorthodox priest. Not only does he use his former police training to purify his parish by tracking down sought-after sinners (which is pretty unorthodox in itself), but George shows no apparent desire to get married! How unorthodox can you get? Kennedy creates a **now** image of the priesthood, portraying Father Samuel Patrick Cavanaugh. While the regular fuzz give the criminals a right cross, he gives them the last rites. And when the cops at headquarters try to get a con to "sing," George does his best to get him to hum a few hymns. What it all boils down to is this: when the police save someone, that's pretty old hat. But if George saves them—Man, they're **really** saved!

## • CADE'S COUNTY

Set in the great big empty western countryside (with plots to match) Glenn Ford portrays Sheriff Sam Cade in this contemporary western



# NEW TV SEASON



that uses Chevys and pick-up trucks, instead of horses and covered wagons. This is fine—but Indians in hippie clothing? Glenn has very little to say, riding through this territory. That's because he gets paid by the mile, not the word. Occasionally, however, he forgets he's in a modern western and feeds his jeep oats and hay, thus establishing a television first—mainly the first time a jeep ever burped! Come to think of it, this show may give western purists a little heartburn too!

## • LONGSTREET

Going on the premise that justice is blind, someone has finally figured out that an agent of justice could be in the same fix and still come out on top. And Mike Longstreet (James Franciscus) plays him—a blind insurance investigator. He no doubt got that way from writing all that fine print in those shifty insurance policies. Anyway, Franciscus is helped in tracking down wrongdoers (namely, anyone who tries to collect on a policy) by a white dog named PAX. To which the NAACP will certainly demand he also get a black dog, to avoid being called a racist. Longstreet gets additional help from an insurance company buddy (Mark Richman) and has a Girl Friday (Marilyn Mason). Now if he could only arrange to have her Monday through Saturday, he'd really have it made! Of course, he wouldn't get much work done. But, let's face it. Money isn't everything. Then again, neither is this series!

## • FUNNY FACE

Pert and perky Sandy Duncan has finally made the big jump from off-Broadway to on-TV and one wishes the charming young miss the very best. Of course, she has several strikes against her. She isn't a widow, doesn't have any precocious children left over from a previous marriage, hasn't a father who isn't too bright, no collie dog that can do tricks, nor can she perform acts of witchcraft. Nevertheless, with all this against her, it looks like Miss Duncan shall overcome and become a favorite of TV audiences. If not, so what? We can always watch reruns of *That Girl!*

## • SHIRLEY'S WORLD

The producers here state that this show is tailored to the talents of its star, Shirley MacLaine. But, judging from the sub-zero ratings, it's a terrible fit. And speaking of fits, that's exactly what the sponsors are throwing by now, after studying all the bad critical reaction. Shirley is supposed to be a reporter-photographer for a newsmagazine something like "Look," which has also fallen by the wayside. (Is this an omen?) She scurries about all over the world covering stories, and uncovering trouble. The latter she butts into at the drop of a flashbulb. And speaking of dropping—by the time this is printed, nobody would be at all surprised!

## • THE FUNNY SIDE

Probably the most optimistic series title on the idiot box today, this poor man's "Laugh-In" is presided over by Gene Kelly who has danced his way into the hearts of America. Now, if he were **really** smart, he would "shuffle off to Buffalo"—away from this television fiasco before it sinks into the TV channels and is lost with all hands. The crew, by the way, consists of five couples, in different age groups, who react to a new theme each week, the way they believe a typical cross-section of America would react. They take a serious subject and show you the built-in laughs of the situation. One can see it all now—as the viewing audience laughs uproariously over the funny side of terminal cancer or bubonic plague. Definitely a laugh riot—for the Marquis De Sade!

## • THE JIMMY STEWART SHOW

Actually, this whole idea started out as a one-minute spot commercial. But when Stewart finally got out the sponsor's message (in his impossibly slow drawl) it turned into a half-hour show for which they needed a plot. Failing that, they've come up with this format instead, one in which Jimmy is cast as a college professor. It's obviously a fantasy, as Stewart leads no student riots nor shows any scars from policemen's clubs or even a trace of mace. Jimmy's manner is homespun (complete with two pair of pants) and he actually likes his teaching job and the kids he teaches. (We told you it was a fantasy!) This program has such a large cast that you've got to like **somebody** in it! Such as Julie Adams, who plays his wife; John McGiver, a faculty colleague; a married son (Jonathan Daly); a daughter-in-law (Ellen Geer); a young son (Dennis Larson); and a grandson (Kirby Furlong). Ye gods! It's enough to give The King Family an inferiority complex!

## • O'HARA, U.S. TREASURY

David Jansen finally does the flip side of the coin—going from a fugitive to tracking them down—for Uncle Sam—and for a lot of weekly loot. This show affords David a great opportunity—to learn enough about the inner workings of The Internal Revenue Service to get the best

possible tax break, should those residuals ever come rolling in. He also handles cases dealing with the Secret Service and Customs. And occasionally, he even goes undercover—with any of the starlets who happen to be around the studio, that is. Definitely a lot of action here. Not with the show—with David Jansen!

## • THE PERSUADERS

Roger Moore, formerly "The Saint," loses his halo—in a crap game—to his new associate, Tony Curtis. Moore plays the role of Lord Brett Sinclair, who supposedly inherited his wealth from an estate. While Tony plays himself—a kid from the Bronx who grew up and got rich the hard way—pretending to be an actor. They are thrown together by accident (which they're still trying to settle out of court) and spend their time looking for trouble as "The Persuaders." Namely, they try persuading war criminals to give themselves up; syndicate hoods to come along quietly; and most dangerous of all, persuading members of Women's Lib to visit their apartment. Now all they have to do is persuade their sponsors not to drop their option!

## • GETTING TOGETHER

In this musical-type mish-mash, Bobby Conway (Bobby Sherman) and Lionel Poindexter (Wes Stern) play aspiring rock 'n' roll songwriters. The only problem is, every time they start to roll the audience starts to throw rocks. They are supposed to be a composer and a lyricist who are looking for that one big hit that will send them zooming to the top of the charts. But, unfortunately, the type of tunes they turn out can only send them to the top of the **hospital** charts. While waiting for that one big break they live in an antique furniture store. That way, they won't stand out as the only things that are cracked. They also drive around in an old hearse. Which is a pretty good idea, seeing as the show is dying!

## • NICHOLS

This program could be better titled "Maverick Gets A Motorcycle" as James Garner again plays the same type part that made him famous on TV. Only instead of a horse, this time he saddles up a 1914 version of a Honda. But as usual, if the bad guys go that-a-way, timid Jim goes this-a-way. The basic plot has big Jim conned into taking on the sher-



iff's job in an Arizona town dominated by mean Ma Ketchum, played by Neva Patterson. (Gadzooks! That Women's Lib is everywhere!) He is also up against her sneaky son (John Beck), a treacherous deputy sheriff (Stuart Margolin) and would adore being up against the saucy barmaid, played by Margot Kidder. Although everyone considers Jim a yo-yo, he always manages to pull the right strings to avoid violence—to himself, of course. Mostly he proves, once and for all, the power of positive cowardice!

## • BEARCATS

This desert dud should have been called: "Have Stutz Bearcat—Will Travel." And if the two series heroes, Rod Taylor and Dennis Cole, were really smart that's exactly what they would do—keep traveling! The show's writers must have a hang-up about pre-World War I, as this western epic is also set in the year 1914. Maybe they feel they're just not making wars the way they used to. Or else they have an unnatural attachment to the memory of the Kaiser. Anyway, the two stars hire themselves out as trouble-shooters—shooting anyone that gives them trouble. Which means they'll probably spend the rest of the season trying to wipe out every TV critic in America!

## • THE NEW DICK VAN DYKE SHOW

This series is filmed on location in Phoenix, Arizona, where the air is thin—and the plots are even thinner. Dick's hair is noticeably greyer—probably from watching several segments of the show at one sitting. Our hero plays the host of a TV talk show, which gives him lots of valuable practice, should he ever decide to talk himself out of his contract. His wife is played by Hope Lange (at least there's **some** hope on this program). Dick's manager is portrayed by Marty Brill, an up-and-going comedian; Nancy Dussault plays his dizzy wife; Fannie Flagg is the combination sister-secretary, which keeps at least some money in the family; and Angela Powell plays a know-it-all eight-year-old daughter. If she knows it all, then how come she signed for this program? The action keeps shifting back and forth between Dick's home and the studio. Which is pretty clever, seeing as a moving target is harder to hit!



Salome Where She Danced

## • OWEN MARSHALL: COUNSELOR AT LAW

This ambulance-chasing series is the legal counterpart of "Marcus Welby, M.D."—elder, mature lawyer (Arthur Hill), plus young, headstrong associate (Lee Majors) giving us the ideal combination of youth and age. What else are audiences made of? Both lawyers are of course dedicated men—dedicated to upstaging each other. They handle all possible types of cases—but prefer those that boost the ratings up. For female interest—and even the men might like them—there are two gals on the program: Christine Matchett as the daughter, and Joan Darling as the secretary. However, there are also two dangers attached to the show—namely, hernias from lifting all the heavy law books—and terminal boredom, from watching these shysters shlock!

## • THE GOOD LIFE

Life, or at least twenty years at hard labor, should be handed out to everyone connected with this crime-time fiasco. The plot has Larry Hagman and Donna Mills playing a middle-class stockbroker and his wife who give up the split-level shtick in suburbia and split to the palatial estate of millionaire David Wayne. The latter portrays a kind, lovable, everyday type of tycoon who lives next door—to practically nobody. Larry and Donna are able to share the estate, swimming pool, champagne and caviar by hiring themselves out as butler and maid to Wayne and his sister, played by Hermione Baddeley. And speaking of badly, that's exact-

ly the way they do their jobs. But nobody seems to notice. After all, who can get good domestic help nowadays?

## • THE PARTNERS

A capsule critique of this show could be simply summed up as: "Get Smart Gets Integrated." But instead of the spy bit, Don Adams plays a cop called Crooke—which should please the anti-law-and-order-faction. He is aided and abetted in this comedic idiocy by Rupert Crosse, who plays his klutzy-colored-partner in fighting the forces of crime, evil and boredom. Oh well, two out of three isn't bad. After viewing this cops and robbers bomb, the F.B.I. will definitely place it on its **Ten Least Wanted List**. As will the rest of the nation, no doubt.

## • THE D.A.

From the producers of "Dragnet" comes another drag. However this show has it made in terms of viewer identity, having in its cast: a Negro judge, a Mexican investigator, a woman lawyer, and a WASP district attorney with an Irish name, played by Robert Conrad. Conrad portrays Paul Ryan, a strong law and order candidate; Ned Romero is cast as Bob Ramirez, in charge of legwork (he watches chicks from the bottom of stairways); Julie Cobb is Deputy Public Defender Katy Benson (a poor man's Portia); and Harry Morgan is Conrad's boss, in charge of overall legal strategy and advanced railroading. This series is definitely an advance in courtroom drama as it only takes Conrad a half-hour to convict everyone he arrests. Perry Mason it took a full sixty minutes!

# IF SEX WAS ELIMINATED FROM

Take a look around you today and whattaya see? Sex, sex, sex... that's the street. It figures then, that sooner or later the public will be saturated with sex, in which you won't see a single mention of sex anywhere. And so, can you just

## WALL GRAFFITI WOULD LOOK LIKE THIS...

FOR AN EXCITING  
GAME OF CHECKERS  
CALL TRUDIE AT JA 9 5124

My name is Bruce and  
I'm a tropical-fish buff.  
Anyone want to swap  
ten guppies for five angel fish?

Wanna big thrill?  
Ride a roller coaster!  
at b = c?

$$E=mc^2$$

JOHN LIKES  
MARY

ROSEMARY BOYLAN  
CAN TAKE ON THREE MEN  
AT A TIME IN A  
CAKE-BAKING CONTEST

I LOVE  
ICE CREAM  
SODA

I'd like to get your  
wife alone some  
NIGHT to discuss  
the mideast situation

Joe is a  
big fool!

Mary likes John

## AN OBSCENE PHONE CALL WOULD SOUND LIKE THIS...

Hi, there, cutie. Don't know (drool)  
who I am, eh?... Well, let's just say  
I'm a (drool) secret admirer of yours.  
I'd like to come over and grab you in  
your room and show you how to (drool)  
wash windows faster than you've ever  
washed them before! Or maybe we  
could get (drool) comfy on your sofa  
while I read you selected passages  
from my Master's Thesis on (drool)  
'Aztec Family Units Of The 16th Cen-  
tury.' Or if that doesn't interest you  
(drool) then...



# THE COMMUNICATIONS MEDIA

whattaya see! It's all around you... in the movies, in books, in ads, even right on When this happens we will probably return to a completely puritannical state, one imagine how it would be...

Script by ERNEST WERNER

Art by ARNOLDO FRANCHIONI

BEST-SELLING BOOKS WOULD APPEAR LIKE THESE...



CELESTIAL—get rid of your Edsel.

WOMENS' MAGS WOULD LOOK LIKE THIS...

**COSMOPURITAN**

**WHEN YOUR HUSBAND BEGINS TO STRAY**  
Make Him Read The Road Map More Carefully

**WHAT TO TEACH YOUR TEENAGER ABOUT OIL DERIVATIVES**

**HOW TO AVOID PREGNANT PAUSES IN CONVERSATION**

**SO YOU WANT TO HAVE AN AFFAIR?**  
(Tips on Catering, Menus, Etc.)

MOVIE ADS WOULD LOOK LIKE THIS...

33 *The story of a boy and a girl who fall in love and get married... a story so clean and wholesome it was banned in the East Village as indecent!*

**TEENAGE U.S.A.**

See them holding hands and sipping soda from the same glass!  
Makes Doris Day movies look like Stag Films!

Hear the hit song: *God Bless America*  
(as sung by The Cleancuts)

BIG DIPPER—a fox-trot professional.

A lot of films passed off as "art" today are nothing but new excuses to show sex and have Hollywood producers make "real art pictures." And when we say "real art

# REAL HOLLYWOOD

THE GREATEST PICTURE EVER MADE!

Louvre Studios Present

## MONA LISA

A DaVinci Production



starring

### Goldie Hawn

in the title role

and MICHAEL POLLARD

as LEONARDO

Driven by her voluptuous beauty, he tried to get her down on the canvas ... but all she did was smile at him!

**PLEASE DO NOT REVEAL THE ENIGMA  
TO YOUR FRIENDS**  
(they won't even know what enigma means)

THE PICTURE THEY SAID COULDN'T BE SHOWN!

Goya's Original Uncloaked Version

## THE NAKED MAJA

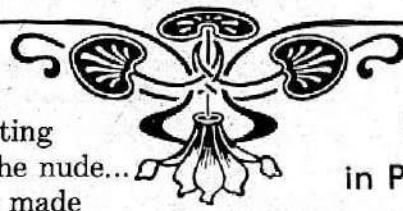


starring

### Twiggy

in the role Audrey Hepburn turned down

He insisted on painting her in the nude... but she made him put on a bathrobe!



Banned in Paris as indecent!

This picture is so bold and so shocking that two versions were actually made. The clothed one will be shown only on matinees.

violence. About the only way that audiences are sure to get "real" art pictures is to pictures" we mean ...

Art by LUGOZE

# ART PICTURES

THE GREAT AMERICAN TRAVESTY

ELIZABETH RICHARD  
**TAYLOR and BURTON**  
in  
A Grant Wood Release

**AMERICAN  
GOTHIC**



What made the clean-cut gentleman farmer carry a lethal weapon in his hand? Did he force some traveling salesman to marry his daughter at pitchfork point? Or was it to protect himself from the nagging old lady at his side?

**A PICTURE AS AMERICAN AS CHOW MEIN AND SPAGHETTI**

Now for the first time comes the sensuous story of an unnatural relationship...

**UNIVERSAL PICTURES**

(in arrangement with Grey and Black) presents

**BARBRA STREISAND** as

**WHISTLER'S  
MOTHER**

A Momma's Boy Production



What strange power had this grey old woman over her sensitive young son that made him want her to sit for him... and not the shapely young girl next door?

WILL HAVE YOU  
SITTING AT THE EDGE OF YOUR SEAT  
(where you will have dozed off!)

What mad passion drove him to start  
tossing plates in the nude?

THE Berserk Pictures Presents

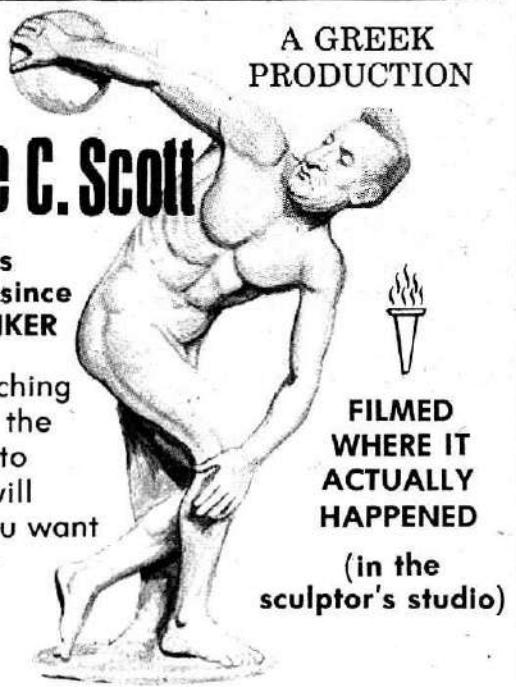
# DISCUS THROWER

starring

## George C. Scott

in his  
best role since  
THE THINKER

Just watching  
him hurl the  
discus into  
the air will  
make you want  
to throw  
up too!



A GREEK  
PRODUCTION

FILMED  
WHERE IT  
ACTUALLY  
HAPPENED  
(in the  
sculptor's studio)

*The Story of a deformed girl who couldn't  
help getting stones...*

# VENUS DE MILO

formerly "A Farewell To Arms"

An Anonymous Production

starring

## PHYLLIS DILLER

as the  
statuesque beauty



What difference  
did it make  
that her arms and  
legs were missing... as  
long as the best  
parts of her  
remained!

*THE GREATEST DISCOVERY FROM GREECE  
SINCE SPIRO AGNEW* (according to Mrs. Agnew)

She started  
the original  
**HAIR  
GENERATION!**

MaMa Cass  
as the

# Girl With Braids

A Modigliani Masterpiece

Boys called her the "greatest neck in the  
world" but she had more than just a good  
head on her shoulders...

THIS MOVIE IS RATED Z

(it was rated like the movie "Z" which  
was rated G)

The portrait of a  
colorful but strange  
teenager

**JOHN WAYNE**  
as  
**THE  
BLUE  
BOY**

A Gainesboro Release



WINNER OF THE  
GAY LIBERATION  
FRONT  
BEST PICTURE  
AWARD

wardrobe by  
SY DEVORE



THIS FILM WILL APPEAR AT  
SELECTED THEATRES ONLY  
(mainly the ones that will let us show it!)

# What's New in

# POLISH JOKES



Why aren't there any Polish elevator operators?  
They can't remember the route!

What is a Polish tongue-twister?  
Good morning!

What is a dope ring?  
Six Poles sitting in a circle!

Who's the national  
hero of Poland?  
A Kamikazee pilot who  
flew 38 missions during  
the war!

How do Polish people count money?  
1, 2, 3, 4, 5, another, another...

What do you call a Pole who marries a Puerto Rican?  
A social climber!

What does a Polish X-Rated Movie mean?  
The Minister of Information has signed his approval!

Why is garbage spread on the walls at Polish weddings?  
To keep the flies off the bride!

How do you recognize Polish domestic wine?  
It's stamped "Open Other End" at the bottom!

How do you break a Pole's  
finger?  
You kick him in the nose!

Who has an IQ of 200?  
Poland!

Why is Santa Claus Polish?  
Who else would wear a  
red suit?

What do you call 2000  
Polish paratroopers?  
Air pollution!

What is the thinnest book in  
the world?  
Basics of Polish Hygiene!

How do you estimate the Polish population?  
Count the basements in Buffalo and multiply by 14!

Why are Polish coffee breaks limited to 5 minutes?  
Longer ones would require retraining them in their jobs!

Why aren't snow tires available in Poland?  
They all melted last Spring!

How does a Pole order three beers from a bartender?  
He holds up two fingers!

by  
JOHN DROMEY  
(formerly Janos Drombowski)

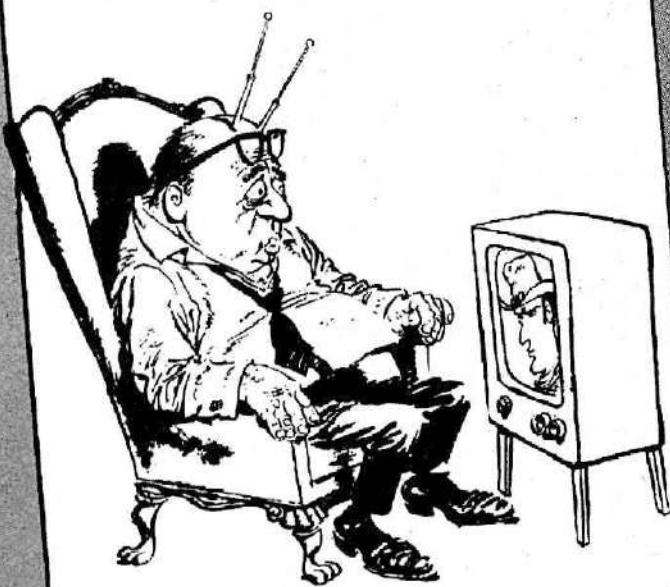
MEET FELLOW SUFFERERS AT  
EDSEL OWNERS ANONYMOUS  
THERE'S A FORD IN YOUR PAST

First there was Alcoholics Anonymous. Then came Narcotics Anonymous. Today we hear of such widespread new groups as Gamblers Anonymous, Ex-Convicts Anonymous, Neurotics Anonymous and so on. Now, these are wonderful organizations doing marvelous work in rehabilitating people in

# ANONYMOUS FOR OTHER TYPES

Addicted to the TV viewing habit?  
Can't get away from that set?  
Haven't spoken to your family in months?  
Your life regulated by program schedules?  
Hooked so you can't accomplish anything anymore?

LEARN FROM THE MANY LIKE  
YOURSELVES WHO MANAGED TO KICK  
THE HABIT—JOIN  
**TV ADDICTS ANONYMOUS**



Our meetings are held during prime viewing time five seconds a week. Members sit around a huge 40-inch television set which is turned off. Talking to one another is encouraged. Members are permitted to do anything they please, except to turn on the set. For those who can't stand this cold turkey treatment there is a small screen in the back room where they can practice tapering off.

Our annual meeting in December will be televised to all the world so that everyone will see the marvelous work we are doing.

**OBSERVE TV GUIDE BOOK BURNING**

WEEK

(Consult your directory for office nearest you)

Are you fed up with talking, behaving and looking just like everybody else? Have you become tired of being just another face in the crowd? In short, are you addicted to conformity?



DO WHAT NOBODY ELSE IS DOING  
JOIN  
**CONFORMISTS ANONYMOUS**

A SOCIETY DEDICATED TO THE PROPOSITION THAT ALL MEN ARE CREATED UNEQUAL

We meet irregularly in various places at different times. There is no order or procedure and everybody does exactly as he or she pleases.

**SPECIAL LECTURES BY  
EX-CONFORMISTS WHO ARE NOW  
FULL-FLEDGED BEATNIKS**

**COME AS YOU REALLY ARE  
COMMITTEES NOW BEING FORMED  
TO BRING BACK RUGGED  
INDIVIDUALISM**

trouble. But how about the millions who are suffering from less dramatic forms of addiction? How about some organizations to help THESE individuals overcome their particular handicaps? How about having a few places where the average man can go to kick HIS habit? Mainly, how about...

TOO NOSY FOR YOUR OWN GOOD?  
WE TALK YOU OUT OF IT AT  
**KIBITZERS ANONYMOUS**

# ORGANIZATIONS OF ADDICTS

Addicted to **IMAGINARY** ailments?

Feel like you're going to die?

Nobody believes your story?

MEET FELLOW SUFFERERS LIKE YOURSELF  
WHO WILL BELIEVE YOU AT

## **HYPOCHONDRIACS ANONYMOUS**

We teach you how to stop worrying about your  
IMAGINARY ailments by giving you some **REAL**  
ailments to worry about!



EACH MEETING IS GUARANTEED  
TO MAKE YOU SICK!

### **TELEPHONE OFFER THIS MONTH ONLY**

If it's an emergency and you feel that you're going to die—simply call the office nearest you and somebody there will play music to put you in the mood—“Dance Macabre” and “The Funeral March”

Can't sleep?  
Lie awake nights in torment?  
Nerves all tense and jittery?  
Hooked by that insomnia habit?

**DON'T FIGHT IT—JOIN IT!**

## **INSOMNIACS ANONYMOUS**



### **THE SOCIETY TO WAKE UP AMERICA TO THE PROBLEM OF SLEEPLESSNESS**

What happens is that our meetings  
Are so dull you'll fall asleep in no time!  
**—OPEN ALL NIGHT—**

BITING OFF MORE THAN YOU CAN CHEW?  
GONE CUTICLE CRAZY?

JOIN

## **NAILBITERS ANONYMOUS**

IN LOVE WITH YOUR SHOE?  
GOT A CRUSH ON YOUR UMBRELLA?

JOIN

## **FETISHISTS ANONYMOUS FOR BIRDS OF A FETISH**

**Have you noticed how bad consumer service has gotten lately? No, we're not talking about your SICK newsdealer! We're talking about the Telephone Company...Con Edison...the present Administration. It seems that as prices get higher the service gets worse. And the way things are going we're headed for a complete disaster. Not from the service, from this article... which purports to show how bad things can become...**

### TELEPHONE COMPANY

What's that, operator? You want me to look up a number for you? You haven't got a phone book there? What's that? You have, but you don't know how to figure out alphabetical order? Well, let's see now, you start with "A"...no, operator, "A"... "A" as in "Alphabetical"...



### DOCTORS

Hm-m, I can't understand it. This is most peculiar. I've been listening for five minutes already and I can't get a heartbeat!

Maybe if you put that thing on my chest instead of my back you'd hear something!



### TELEVISION REPAIRMEN

You must've blown the main tube. I can see right away you got no picture!

You nitwit! That's my radio you're looking at!



### DENTISTS

Man, that's the biggest cavity I've ever seen in all my years!

What cavity? That's my mouth!

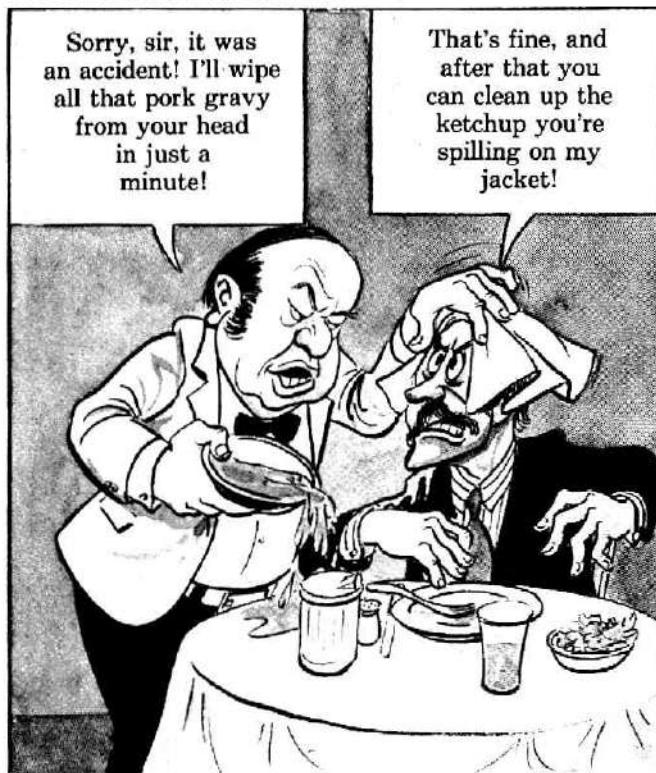


# WHEN CONSUMER SERVICES GET EVEN WORSE!

Script by BOB HEIT

Art by LUGOZE

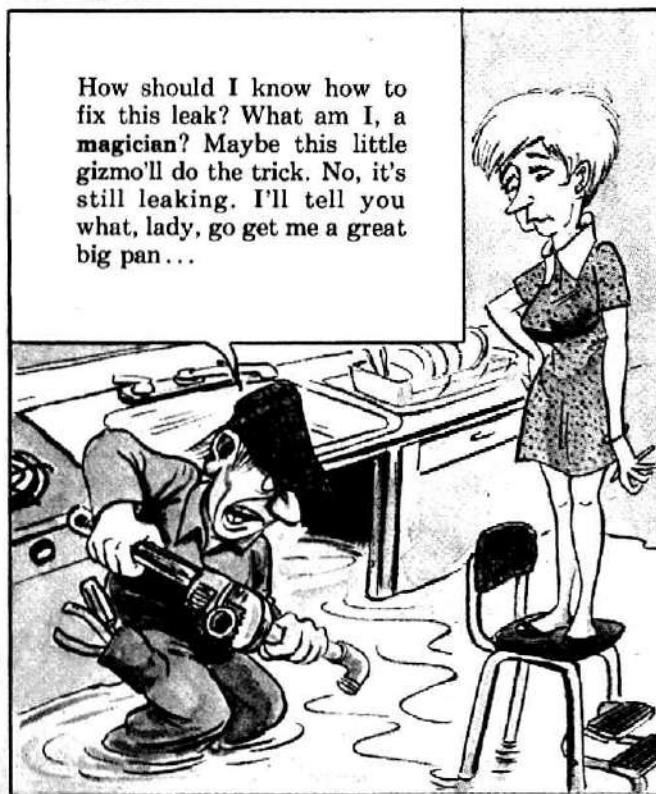
## RESTAURANT WAITERS



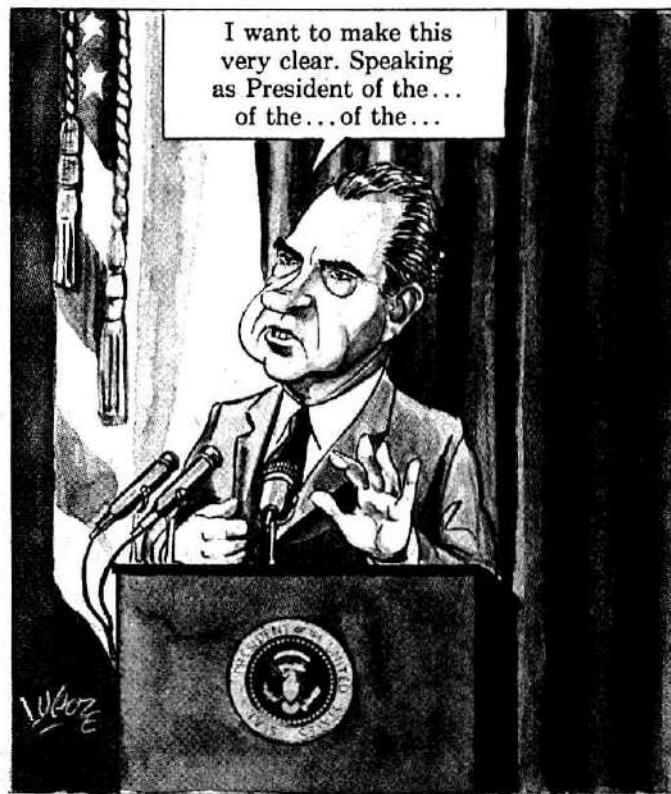
## MOVING MEN

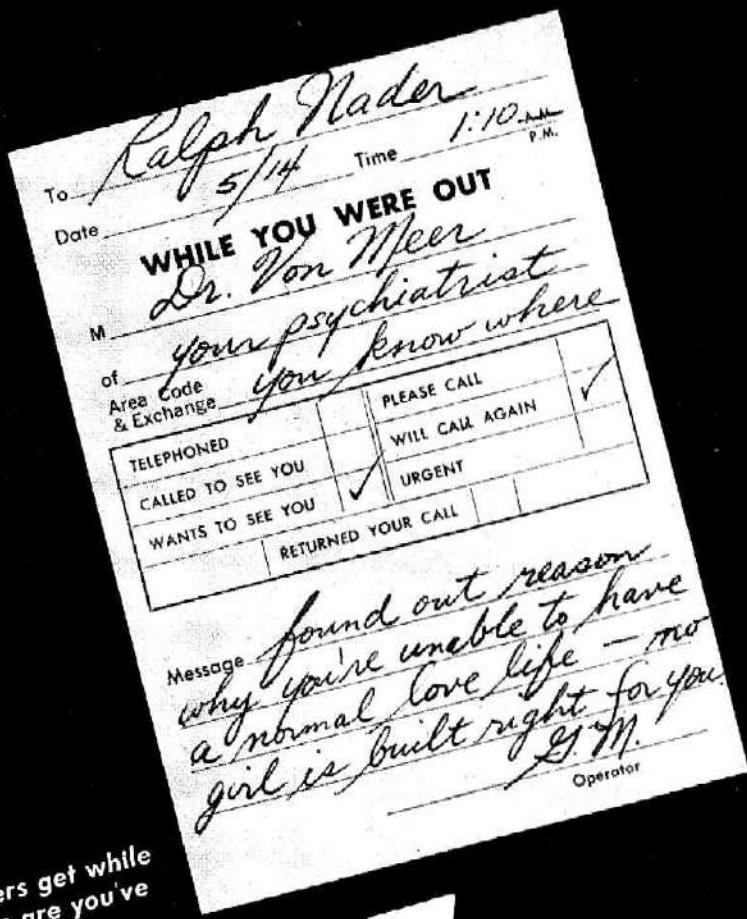
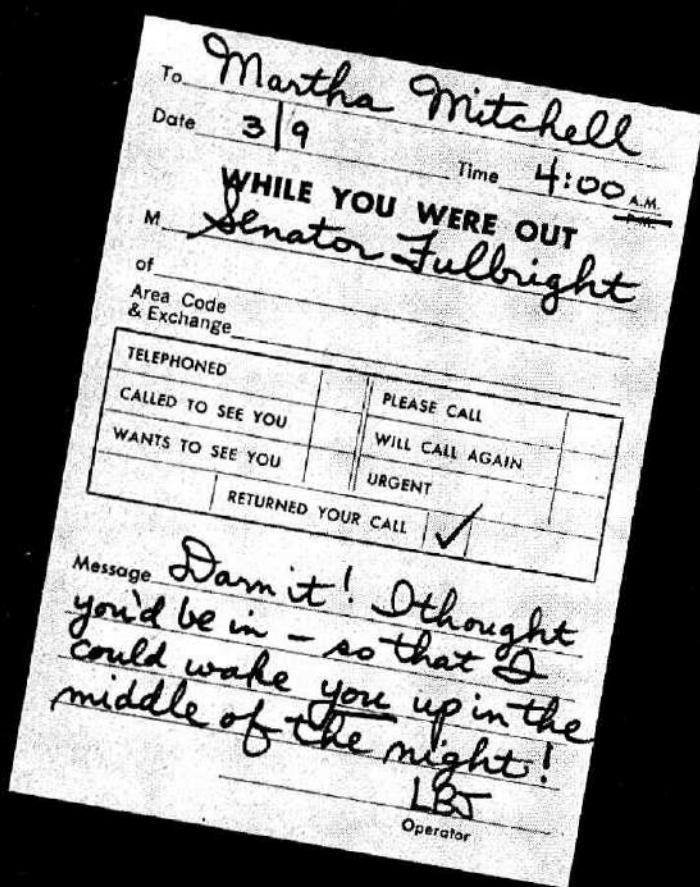


## PLUMBERS



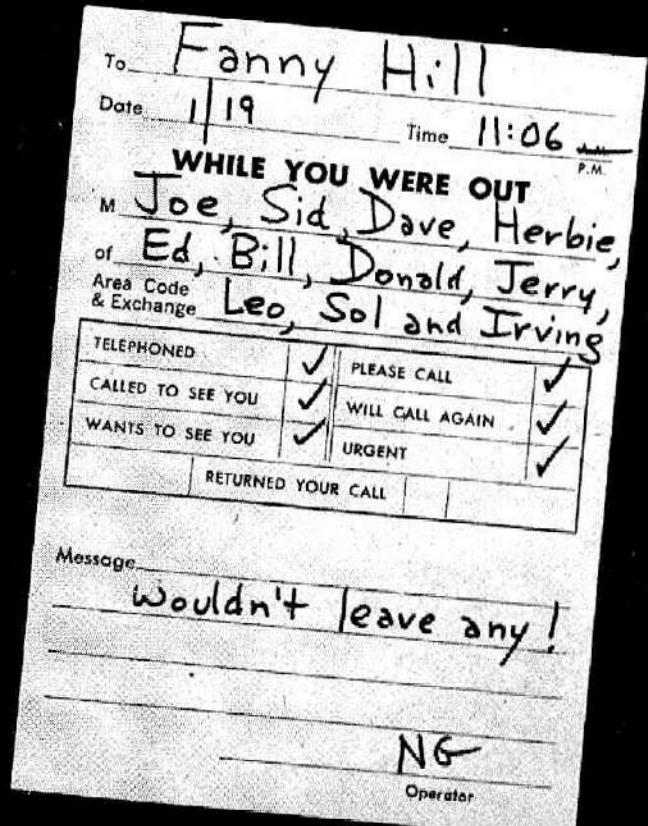
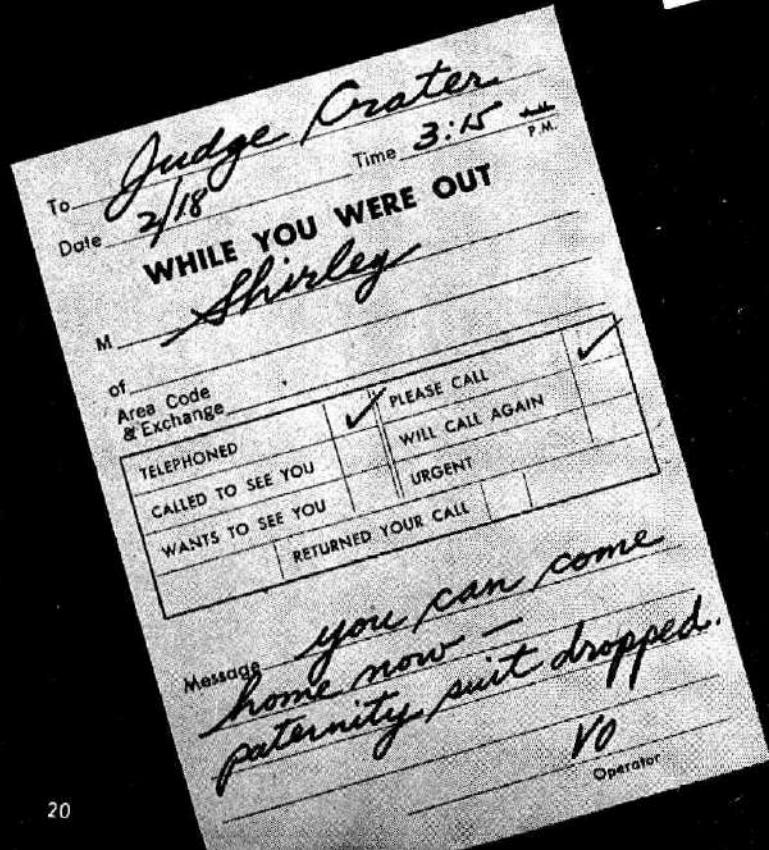
## POLITICIANS





Ever see those little phone messages that office workers get while they are out? Chances are you have. But, like, chances are you've never seen these messages that some other people got...

# WHITE YO



To Raquel Welch

Date 4/3

Time 11:08 P.M.

WHILE YOU WERE OUT

M a man breathing heavily

of

Area Code &amp; Exchange

TELEPHONED

CALLED TO SEE YOU

X

PLEASE CALL

WANTS TO SEE YOU

WILL CALL AGAIN

URGENT

RETURNED YOUR CALL

Message

#1&amp;%!&amp;%#(!?%#!#%&amp;!!!

S.O.B.

Operator

To Henry Kissinger

Date 6/2

Time 8:25 A.M.

WHILE YOU WERE OUT  
MRS. GOLDA MEIR  
ISRAEL

of

Area Code &amp; Exchange

TELEPHONED

CALLED TO SEE YOU

X

PLEASE CALL

WANTS TO SEE YOU

WILL CALL AGAIN

✓

URGENT

RETURNED YOUR CALL

Message

HAVE I GOT A  
GIRL FOR YOU!

R.N.

Operator

# U WERE OUT...

To Count Dracula

Date 7/11

Time midnight

WHILE YOU WERE OUT

Zelda

M

of

Area Code &amp; Exchange

TELEPHONED

CALLED TO SEE YOU

PLEASE CALL

WANTS TO SEE YOU

WILL CALL AGAIN

URGENT

RETURNED YOUR CALL

Message that's the last  
time you'll ever  
mess with me!

B.O.

Operator

Script by  
EDEN NORAH

To Jay Wray

Date 8/20

Time 9 A.M.

WHILE YOU WERE OUT  
King Kong

M

of

Area Code &amp; Exchange

TELEPHONED

CALLED TO SEE YOU

PLEASE CALL

WANTS TO SEE YOU

WILL CALL AGAIN

URGENT

RETURNED YOUR CALL

Message Meet me at the  
Empire State Building  
at noon today  
I will pick you up!

Q.T.

TO: John Wilkes Booth  
FROM: Mary Todd Lincoln  
MESSAGE:  
We must stop meeting like this ... Abe suspects. Don't do anything rash.

TO: Royal Hairdressers  
FROM: Anne Arleyne  
MESSAGE:  
Cancel my appointment for today

TO: Aaron Burr  
FROM: a friend  
MESSAGE:  
Mrs. Hamilton's waiting at the motel -

TO: Albert Anastasia  
FROM: Park Central Barber Shop  
MESSAGE:  
You forgot to leave a tip

TO: Boston Strangler  
FROM: Health Dept  
MESSAGE:  
You got another girl in trouble

TO: Vincent Van Gogh  
FROM: McGraw  
MESSAGE:  
somebody found your ear and is holding it

## HISTORICAL

**WHILE YOU WERE OUT...**

## MESSAGES

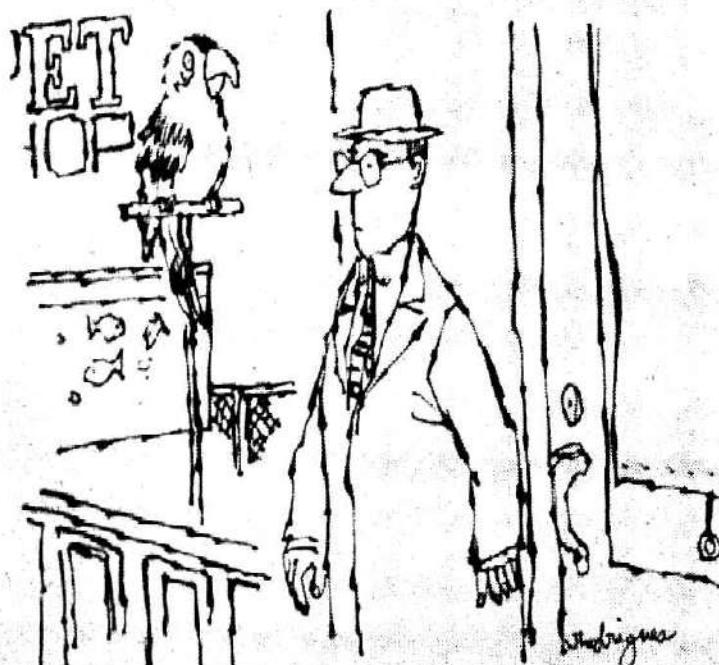
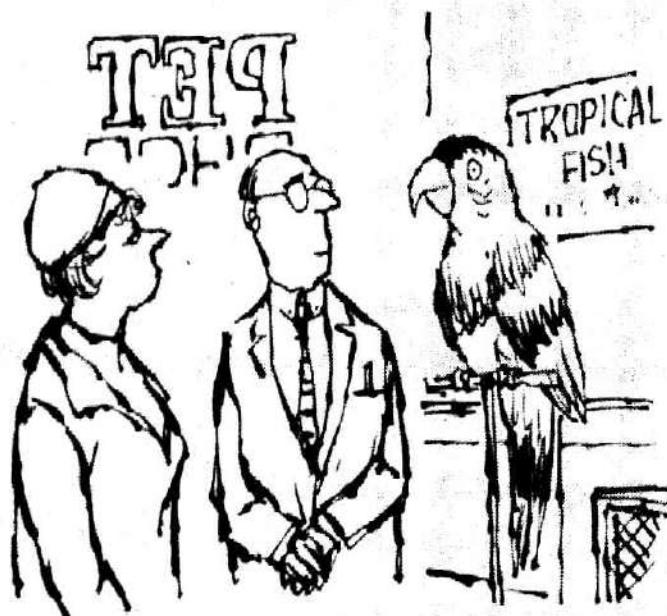
TO: Bob ~ Carol ~ Ted ~ Alice  
FROM: Half-Moon Motel  
MESSAGE:  
Checkout time is 3 P.M.

TO: Dreyfus Fund  
FROM: BMT Lines  
MESSAGE:  
your lion made a mess in the subway

TO: Puasimodo Camerolada  
FROM:   
MESSAGE:  
O.K., we'll marry you - but you'll have to straighten out first

TO: Mussolini  
FROM: wouldn't say  
MESSAGE:  
HANG IN THERE, BABY!

# THE PARROT



"...The sun is the center of our solar system. The planets outward from the sun are Mercury, Venus, Earth, Mars, Jupiter, Saturn, Venus, Neptune and Pluto. Now's the time for all good men to come to the aid of their country. It's a long way to Tipperary. It's a long way—"

Tipperary



Years ago most nations had a popular song that was identified with it. Since then there's been so much world conflict and change that nobody remembers these songs anymore. Just as well. These were songs of nations that were **united**. What the world needs now are...

# SONGS of the DIS-UNITED NATIONS

by WARREN EMERY  
illustrated by JOHN COSTANZA



## RED CHINA (“Slow Boat to China”) (As Sung by Nationalist China)

I'd like to get you in a slow choke,  
Red China,  
Especially Mao and Chou.  
I'd like to squeeze you until your eyes pop  
Or better yet, get an axe and—chop, chop!  
We “real” Chinese don't like upstarts  
Like you, Chou,  
Occupin' our mainland, so  
Run, walk, hop, sprint, crawl  
Or jump in the sea, all  
Eight hundred million of you!



## GREAT BRITAIN ("On the Road to Mandalay")

In the old U.N. Assembly,  
Lookin' chilly as can be,  
Sits an envoy representing  
Her Britannic Majesty.  
For the winds of change are stirrin'  
And the currents seem to say:  
"Why not leave, you British blighter?  
Take your leave, just go away!  
Hit the road, man, don't delay;  
We're through playin' England's way,  
And we don't care if the sun sets  
On your Empire every day!  
For Australia's on her own,  
Bloomin' Injia's up and flown,  
And those ruddy Yanks and Irish  
Won't put up with any throne!"



## GERMANY ("Rosalie")

Germany  
Divided  
Into east and west.  
Since the war they've split you in two,  
A sad lot  
For you, mein Gott,  
And unfair for a people  
Who are so meek and mild,  
Who ne'er caused any furors  
Except two or three wars,  
Ach, poor you,  
Germany, you!



## **U.S.S.R.**

### **("Glow Little Glow-Worm")**

Grow, Mother Russia,  
Get much bigger,  
Grow with your finger  
On the trigger.  
Don't let the Czechs  
Or Poles get too free;  
If Hungary tries  
Send your army.  
Clamp down with firmness,  
And it's certain  
You'll keep your grip  
On the Iron Curtain.  
Call us imperialistic, though!  
Grow, Mother Russia, grow.



## **ISRAEL**

### **("Mrs. Robinson")**

Why not disarm, Mischa Rubinstein?  
Arabs love you more and more each day.  
(Hey hey hey!)  
They mean no harm, Mischa Rubinstein;  
Their missile sites are really just for show  
(Ho ho ho! Ho ho ho!)  
We'd really like to sell you weapons  
Just in case they bomb,  
But have to give them free to Viet Nam.  
It isn't that we don't believe  
Your situation's tough,  
But simply that you're not corrupt enough!  
Just don't despair, Mischa Rubinstein;  
Relax, stop worrying and have some fun.  
(Drop your gun!)  
Don't have a care, for your Arab foes  
Outnumber you a mere forty to one!



## **CUBA**

### **("K-K-K-Katy")**

C-C-C-Cuba, wonderful Cuba,  
We don't have B-B-B-Batista any more!  
We made our land greater,  
Threw out a dictator,  
And let another—Fidel—come in  
through the back door!  
We're all f-f-free now;  
Can't the world see now?  
We can even c-c-criticize the powers,  
Opposing the top brass,  
Giving them loud sass;  
Other countries' politicians, though,  
Not ours!  
C-C-C-Cuba, idyllic Cuba,  
That this isle's a paradise  
Some have no doubt,  
A feeling that's not clear  
To others who live here—  
We can hardly w-w-w-wait till we get out!



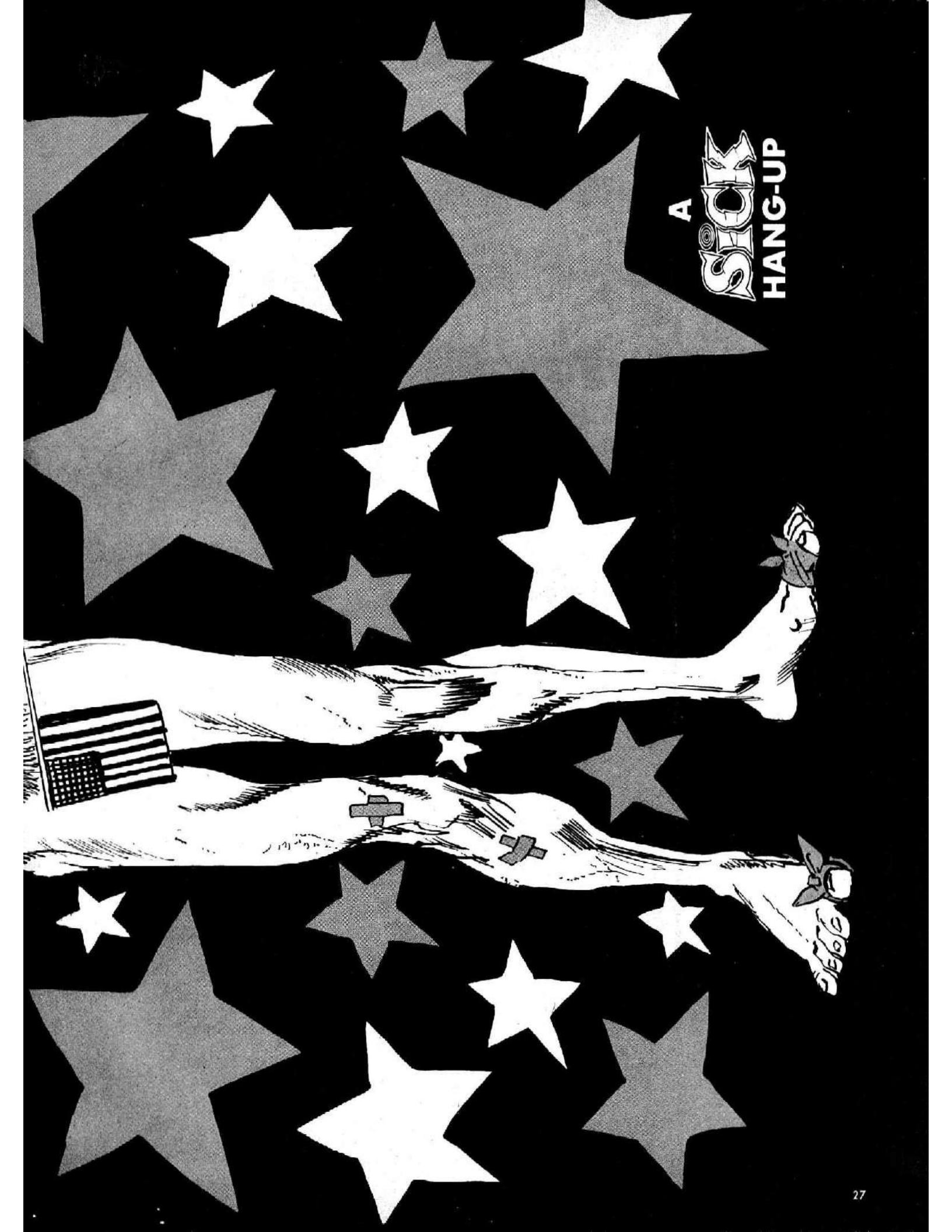
## **UNITED STATES**

### **("California, Here I Come")**

Uncle Sammy, don't be blue.  
People somewhere must like you—  
A land that  
Feels grand that  
You're free with dough;  
With hand out  
They'll stand out  
And they won't say "Yank go home, blow!"  
Giving millions without end  
Should have won you just one friend,  
But where is he? Better spend  
Even more,  
Poor Uncle Sam!

LET  
ME  
IN





A SHOCK  
HANG-UP

QUOTE OF THE  
MONTH

"Thank God, It's  
Friday!"

—Robinson Crusoe

AMBIDEXTEROUS—against the use of sugar.

# Sirk Sirk

MAKE LAFF AND WAR!

IN-SICK-NIFICANT



**Chicago:** A former mobster-turned-exterminator was overheard asking a client: "Do you want me to rub out these bugs or just rough 'em up a little?"

**Berkeley:** The price of Women's Liberation comes high. A young convert burned her bra—but unfortunately, she forgot to take it off.

**Oklahoma City:** A lady asked a gift counsellor for the proper thing to give someone on his eighty-fifth birthday, and was told: "A short-term loan."

**Virginia:** You-Can't-Win-'Em-All-Department: A local fellow tried to write his Congressman protesting against crime in the streets—but was mugged on the way to the mail box!

**Philadelphia:** You've got to have faith, baby: They say Oral Roberts placed both hands on the Liberty Bell—and the crack healed.

**Wash., D.C.:** Scandal on the shores of the Potomac: Panic has hit the Pentagon again, with the removal of their most important

papers—the ones in the White House Mens' Room!

**Greenwich Village:** A young lady here reportedly lost her boy friend the hard way. Seems she bought him a water-bed—and the tide went out.

**United Nations:** After Nationalist China was ejected, one weirdo shouted: "One China—to take out!" But now the world is Kosher again—we have two sets of China.

**Mayo Clinic:** Habits Are Hard To Break Dept: A doctor at this institution, who was formerly a waiter, refused to operate on a patient—it wasn't his table!

**Quincy, Mass.:** Some idiot was told by his wife to make himself a T.V. Dinner—so he went ahead and ate his television set.

**San Diego:** Some weirdos recently opened a Chinese-German restaurant. You break open a fortune cookie and find a declaration of war. After eating here an hour later you're hungry again. But for power!

**Sugar Bowl:** A young lady announced she's through with athletes: "I went out with the football team, and they kept passing me around!"

**Lake Tahoe:** A famous singer here complained that the band accompanying him was so bad, that when they played "The Star Spangled Banner" people sat down.

**Idaho:** In a recent poll on the state of the nation, a local chap quipped: "The country must be in pretty bad shape. Every time I call 'Dial-A-Prayer,' I get a busy signal."

**San Francisco:** With divorce you get egg-roll? A chap we know went to a Chinese wedding here, and all the guests threw fried rice.

**Palm Beach:** A local playboy was asked to contribute a home for wayward girls—so he offered his apartment.

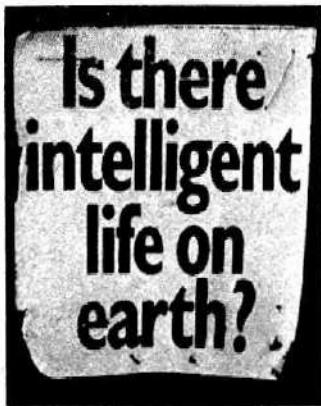
**Hollywood:** Some people never grow up. The mother of an author of X rated movies went to his apartment and washed his typewriter out with soap.

**Fort Lauderdale:** A local reporter uncovered the motto of a sun-worshipping colony's newspaper: "All the nudes that's fit to print." They only give you the bare facts.

**Virgin Islands:** You can tell the honeymoon is over. A guy complained: "My wife uses so much padding, she doesn't undress—she unpacks."

**Beverly Hills:** A big star told a fan magazine reporter that he always felt unwanted. It seems when he was born his parents sat up all night looking for loopholes in his birth certificate.

**Texas:** Inflation Note: A fellow robbed a bank here of over twenty thousand dollars—and they only charged him with petty theft.



# World



ALL THE NEWS  
THAT FITS  
WE PRINT

NEWS OF THE MONTH

by FRED WOLFE



**Detroit:** A retired bookie was asked to name the greatest gambler of all time, and replied: "Lady Godiva. She put everything she had on a horse."

**New Jersey:** Said a patient whose doctor is always on the golf course: "Nowadays the only people making house calls are burglars."

**Louisiana:** Now we've heard everything dept: An aging Peeping Tom developed weak eyes, so his friends chipped in and bought him prescription binoculars.

**New York City:** Recession Note. A guy got onto an elevator in Macy's, pulled out a gun, and hijacked the entire car over to Gimbel's.

**Utah:** A student was dropped from medical school, when he wrote a prescription to get a bottle of Dr. Pepper.

**Greece:** Word has it that Jackie Onassis is making Aristotle a millionaire. Before he married her, he was a billionaire.

**Fun City:** A fellow about to be mugged on Broadway protested: "But I already gave in Central Park!"

**London:** The long-running romance of Diahann Carroll and David Frost resulted in the remark: "What's that mark on Diahann's neck? Frostbite!"

**Madison Avenue:** Shakespeare said the evil men do lives after them. In TV they call it reruns.

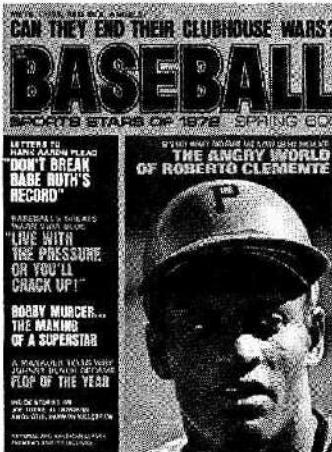
**The Bronx:** The police here recently had labor pains and prompted one wit to ask: "When these policemen call in sick, is that a cop-out?"

**Brooklyn:** Talk about luck. One resident here reported that his garbage was stolen and the police found it and returned it to him.

**Indiana:** Latest gag to make the rounds: "What do you think of the Indianapolis 500?" Answer: "They're all innocent!"

LUMBAR REGION — a forest area.

## ON SALE NOW



REAL AD

**ASK YOUR  
NEWSDEALER**

Since toy manufacturers are stressing realism in their products, we recently got to

# IF THE WORLD'S PROBLEMS CHILDREN

Script by GUY THOMAS



Besides being the perfect outlet for your kid's sneaky character, this game teaches him a valuable trade that might some day make him a national hero. Furthermore, all of the secrets included here haven't even been made secret yet. The greatest gimmick however, is that kids don't have to pay for this game. They have to steal it!



BAROMETER - lend a dime for parking.

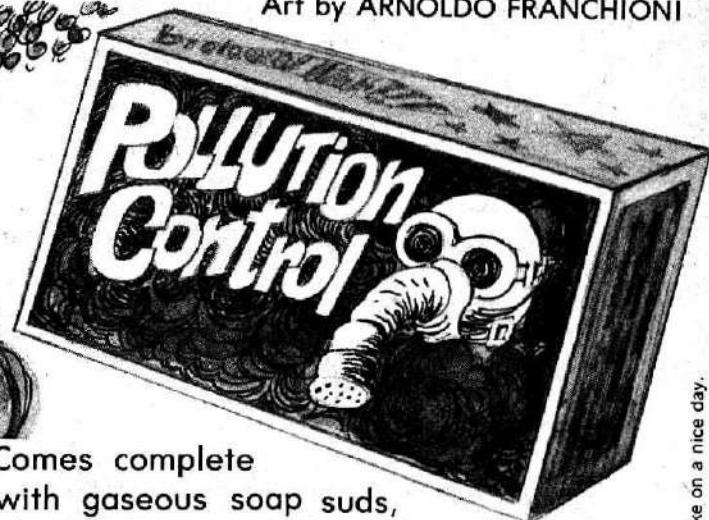


An educational toy, this easy-to-assemble kit comes with an authentic-looking back alley, 6 miniature garbage cans, 14 live rats and the address of a slum landlord. Kids build it with their own hands, then have fun breaking the windows, throwing the garbage around, etc. Only drawback is, once the building becomes dilapidated it can't get repaired!

wondering. Namely, what's the next step? The only thing we can think of is...

# WERE MADE INTO NS' GAMES

Art by ARNOLDO FRANCHIONI



Comes complete with gaseous soap suds, chemicals, assorted trash and crud. However there's no ugly smell or eye-watering effects since the pollution is disguised as pure air. Now kids can enjoy inhaling the poisonous fumes of their choice because it's pollution pure. Only trouble is, where to throw this game when you're finished with it!



Just the thing to relieve the pent-up hostility of your child. Game starts with two kids, then escalates to four and before you know it the whole neighborhood is involved. Then you withdraw gradually. Included in the basic kit is diluted napalm, miniature bombs and life-size posters of two gooks for bayonet practice. Fun for the whole family!



ASTRAL—what you take on a nice day.

Continuing with our policy to stop conformity and start individualizing all aspects of our society, we now turn to one of the most conforming things in the business world today —namely, the business card. We feel they all tend to look alike. What we should have are...

# INDIVIDUALIZED BUSINESS CARDS

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## ADVICE TO THE HIP-LORN

## Dear Abbie:

Hey, all you strung out cats and chicks! Like, got a love problem? Some joker hanging you up or putting you down? Can't make the scene anymore? Well, cool it now, hear? Don't freak out. Just send in your bad vibes here, and like, let Dear Abbie straighten you...dig?



Man, don't get me wrong. I'm a radical like all the other hippies today, but like I just don't believe in burning my draft card. How can I compromise?

## FLAKED OUT

*Boil it!*

In your opinion, what is the real danger of smoking pot?

## HYPED UP

*Having the light go out as they pass it to you!*

I really groove this cat, dig? This cat really swings and just turns me on. I'd do anything for this cat. My question is should I continue making it with this cat—or try a real live boy?

## PSYCHED IN

*Do both, put a tiger in your tank!*

I'm a lonely chick who would like to find a big broad-shouldered man with shiny white teeth. Must be a solid, upright type with a grand build. Can you help me find it?

## REAL HASSLED

*You don't want a man, you want a piano!*

I'm having a little trouble with my love life. Clue me in, Pops—do you think Spanish Fly is healthy?

## TAPPED OUT

*Sure, I never heard one complain!*

This new guy I'm seeing is real nowhere. He's ugly, has bad breath, flat feet, a weak back,

poor eyes, is hard-of-hearing and has a nasty personality. Yet I love him. What should I do?

**LIKE ZAPPED**  
*Be a little more understanding. After all, nobody's perfect!*

I'm just an average everyday chick who is a moderate in everything on the scene today. So tell me, how do I handle a thing like bra-burning?

**JUICED OUT**  
*Burn only one cup!*

Quick, tell me what to do! I'm a grown man in love with a 12-year-old!

**BAD SCENE**  
*A 12-year-old what?*

Talk about bad trips, last night I really freaked out. Man, was I sick! Would you believe it, I was in bed with 109!

**REAL STONED**  
*Wow, it must've been very crowded!*

I hear that two of our hippie leaders joined the Army but were thrown out when they got to Vietnam. What happened?

**STRAPPED IN**  
*They were found making love, not war!*

Somebody told me that Nixon's putting his foot down and going to stop all open lovemaking in public places. What do you think of that?

**WIGGED OUT**  
*I think he should, especially at his age!*

There's a group today that holds the record for being the longest-discriminated-against minority group in America. We speak of none other than the American Indian. To make matters worse, the Indian is still being discriminated against. Which is what folks'll probably be doing to us, after reading our article on Indians—appropriately titled . . .

# A SICK LOOK AT THE AMERICAN INDIAN

## INDIAN HISTORY

Long before the first European explorers set foot upon the new continent of America, the Indian existed.



As the White Man moved further into America, the Indian was systematically cheated out of his land . . .



Estimates of the population at the time of Columbus can only be guessed as they were scattered everywhere . . .



In an attempt to keep what was theirs, they soon made the White Man their enemy and went on the warpath . . .



## INDIAN INTERVIEW

Many Americans today have never seen a real Indian living in the modern world. Therefore, we now bring you an exclusive interview with a contemporary Indian Chief.

TENTACLE—means it isn't definite

I'm chatting here with Chief Running Nose. Tell me, Chief, how do you like your new reservation?

It good of U.S. Government to give Indian twenty choice acres in Death Valley here!

Tell me, what grows best on this new reservation?

Hate for the White Man!

I understand that Indians today not only work on reservations but also have outside employment as well. What do they do?

Weekdays instead of being victims of stolen land, we become underpaid minority factory workers!

CELIBACY—a disease of the brain.

One more thing, Chief, would you explain how an Indian tells time?

First we plant stick in ground...

...then we look up at sun while turning very slowly...

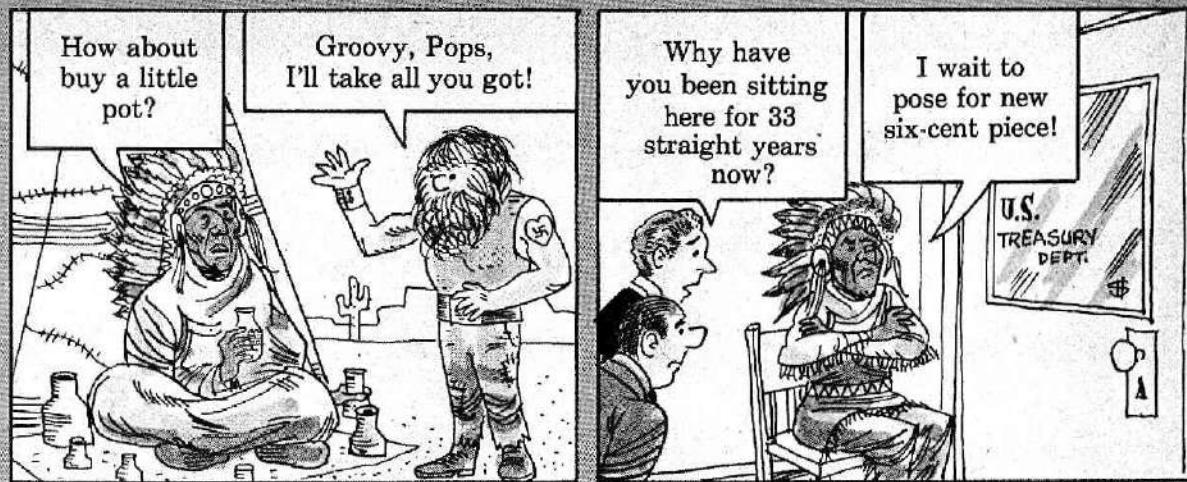
...then we raise arm over head and look at Timex on wrist!

Thank you, Chief...and now back to civilization!



## INDIAN BUSINESS

Although greatly discriminated against, there are certain businesses that only an Indian can do well...

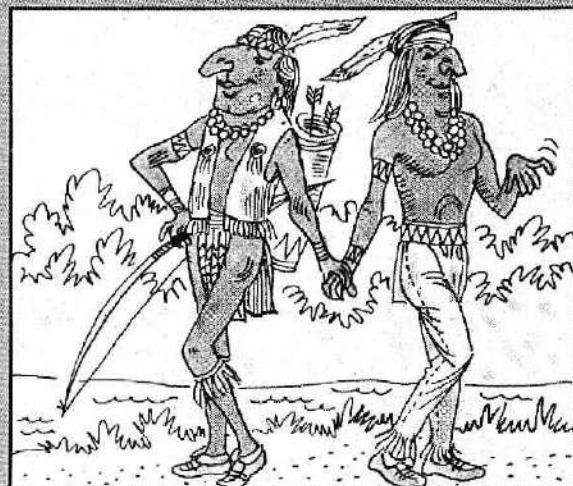


Indians still maintain their heritage of producing fine pottery.

Indians still maintain their image of posing for American coins.

## INDIAN FALLACY

As with every minority group, falsehoods arise such as these fallacies that have sprung up everywhere...



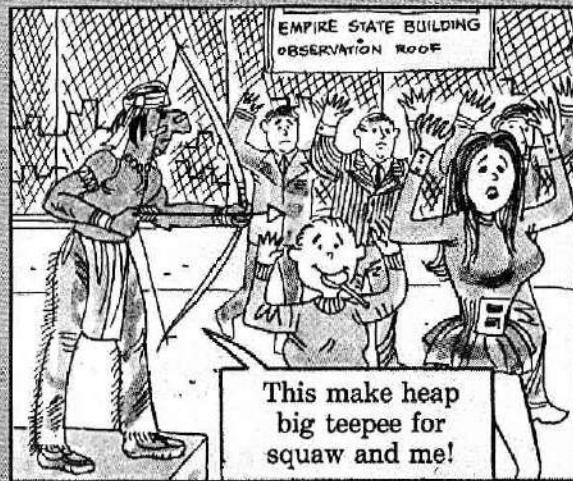
Indians are strange because they wear beads and makeup constantly.



Indians can only speak if they are doing it in a sign language.

## INDIAN FUTURE

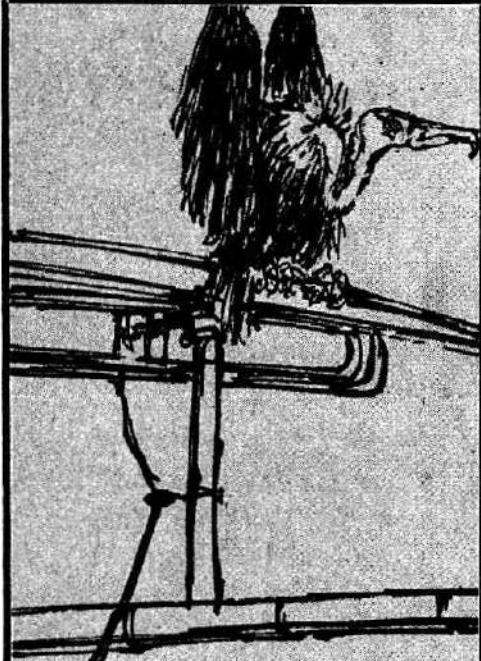
Unless the Indian is given what is rightfully his, he may resort to drastic means, like go back on the warpath...



Indians may even attempt to regain Manhattan Island for themselves.



Under Indian control the White Man will finally be put in his place.



## THE MEAN ROTTEN KID LOOKS at T.V.

MOD SQUAD's a bunch of Establishment creeps  
MARCUS WELBY is a quack  
IRONSIDE's made of aluminum  
FIVE-O is all out of whack!

There's nothing magic about BEWITCHED  
THE SMITH FAMILY changed their name  
SONNY AND CHER are not even hitched  
THE NAME OF THE GAME is inane!

THE PARTRIDGE FAMILY's all tone deaf  
THE ODD COUPLE's just even-steven  
SARGE is classified 4-F  
THE FUNNY SIDE just sets me grievin'!

LAUGH-IN's so sad I want to cry  
GUNSMOKE's polluting the air  
DEAN MARTIN never once got high  
LUCY dyes her hair!

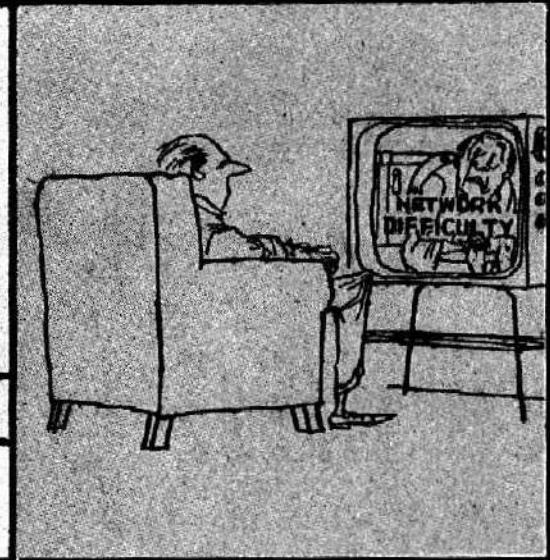
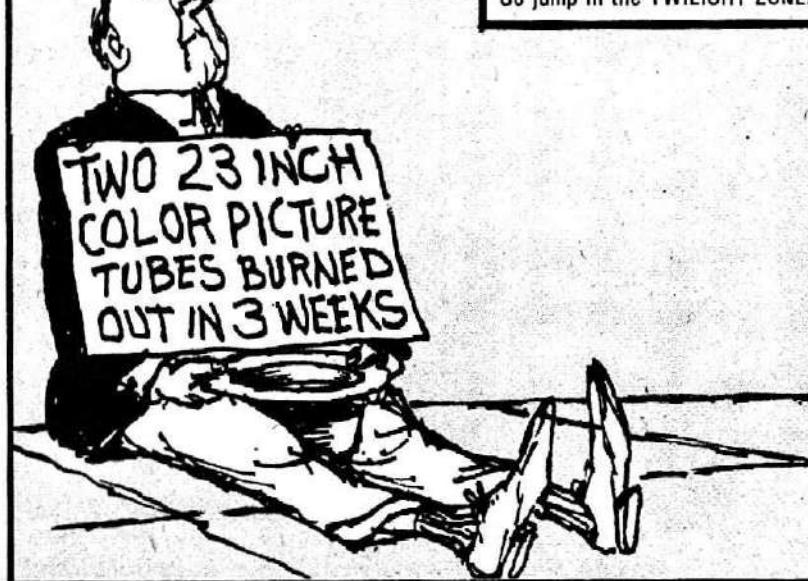
FLIP WILSON's a girl and not a guy  
LONGSTREET has X-Ray vision  
OWEN MARSHALL's a shyster money can buy  
DON RICKLES can use some revision!

ARCHIE BUNKER's a hippie stud  
DORIS DAY hasn't got dimples  
O'HARA from Treasury's a dud  
FUNNY FACE really has pimples!

ROOM 222 is like nowhere  
LAND OF THE GIANT's recessive  
MONTE NASH is full of fear  
I find MANNIX-depressive!

The F.B.I. is D.U.L.  
That's short for DULL, you dope!  
BONANZA's a pot of gold for a fool  
With the PERSUADERS I cannot cope!

That's what I think of today's TV  
They are feelings one shouldn't condone  
But if you don't like them and don't agree  
Go jump in the TWILIGHT ZONE!



COMEDIAN OF THE MONTH:

# PROFILE:



# DAVID STEINBERG



Probably the best of the new crop of "cerebral" comedians, David Steinberg has taken the country by storm. The black-sheep son of an orthodox Jewish family, he left his native Canada in 1968 to try his luck as an entertainer in Greenwich Village coffee houses. From there it was only a hop, skip and a kerplunk to the big time—with guest appearances on the Johnny Carson Show thrusting him into national prominence. He has even taken over the host duties of that show on occasion, increasing his stature with each performance. Today he appears all over prime-time TV variety shows, plays the country's top night clubs and records his side-

splitting monologues in best-selling albums.

David Steinberg epitomizes the "now" brand of comedy. The fact that he didn't change his name,

dresses slightly mod and talks "up" to an audience bears that out. The following excerpts from his act show why David was chosen for this SICK accolade...

## —A SAMPLING OF DAVID'S HUMOR—

- I'm writing a monster movie called "Porno." It's about a Japanese monster who rises up from the harbors of great cities and exposes himself.
- I love Jewish girls. I'm very big with them. I happen to be the Roger Vadim of Jewish girls.
- Know what my biggest aim in life is? To sexually satisfy the

entire King Family right before their big Thanksgiving special.

• I was once on the *Dating Game* and the girl asked me, "Number One, would you kiss me goodnight on the first date?" To which I replied the most obscene things I would do to her if I ever got her along on the first date. Whereupon she registered her dull veget-

able-like shock, turned and softly said, "Number Two..."

• I will now tell the story of Jezebel, who lived in the time of Elisha the Prophet, and was later immortalized by Frankie Laine. Then I will tell you the story of Job, who worshipped God. You all remember God, from last week's sermon...

Since Playboy Magazine came out with its first film production "MACBETH" a lot of youngsters have become interested in this play. Only they're complaining that the language is so obscure they have trouble understanding it. To solve this problem, SICK asked writer Fred Wolfe to translate the epic into more modern terms. He obliged with this even more obscure version of...



# MACBETH

rewritten by FRED WOLFE

Illustrated by JOHN LANGTON

We unfold the sad tale of Macbeth.  
Who was Scotch (you could tell by his breath).  
His enormous ambition  
Caused a sickly condition—  
With no future (a bad case of death).

After winning a war for his lord  
Mac. thought he had it made—really scored.  
But Macbeth blew his cool  
What he heard made him drool  
By predictions from some witchy broads.

Came upon three weird hags 'round an oven.  
Wings of bats and toads' noses they'd shove in.  
Said Mac. would wear the crown  
And an ermine-trimmed gown.  
(Thought that they were wigged out from a love-in).

When Mac. relayed this news to his lady  
She suggested he do something shady.  
Since the king was their guest  
Stick a shiv in his chest.  
(This chick was no sweet Rosie O' Grady).

Lady M. started conning her man.  
Gave a His and a Hers master plan.  
If Mac. did what she stated  
Scots would be liberated.  
(Lady M. had read Betty Friedan).

Lady M. who of course, was quite daft  
Forced Macbeth to give Duncan the shaft.  
While the king was asleep  
Shaky Mac. he did creep.  
Slit his highness (which caused a slight draft).

Duncan's sons thought they should seek protection  
So each split in a different direction.  
Mac. was crowned king of Scots.  
No one dared to draw lots.  
Beats the hell out of holding elections!

Cat named Banquo posed Macbeth a threat  
But his Mrs. said: "Mac., there's no sweat.  
Have a Syndicate pair  
Take him out of our hair.  
I dig playing The Palace, my pet."

Banquo's ghost showed and Mac's nerves were shot.  
At a banquet appeared the dead Scot.  
All the guests gathered there  
Heard Mac. rap with a chair.  
Figured he was flipped out on some pot.

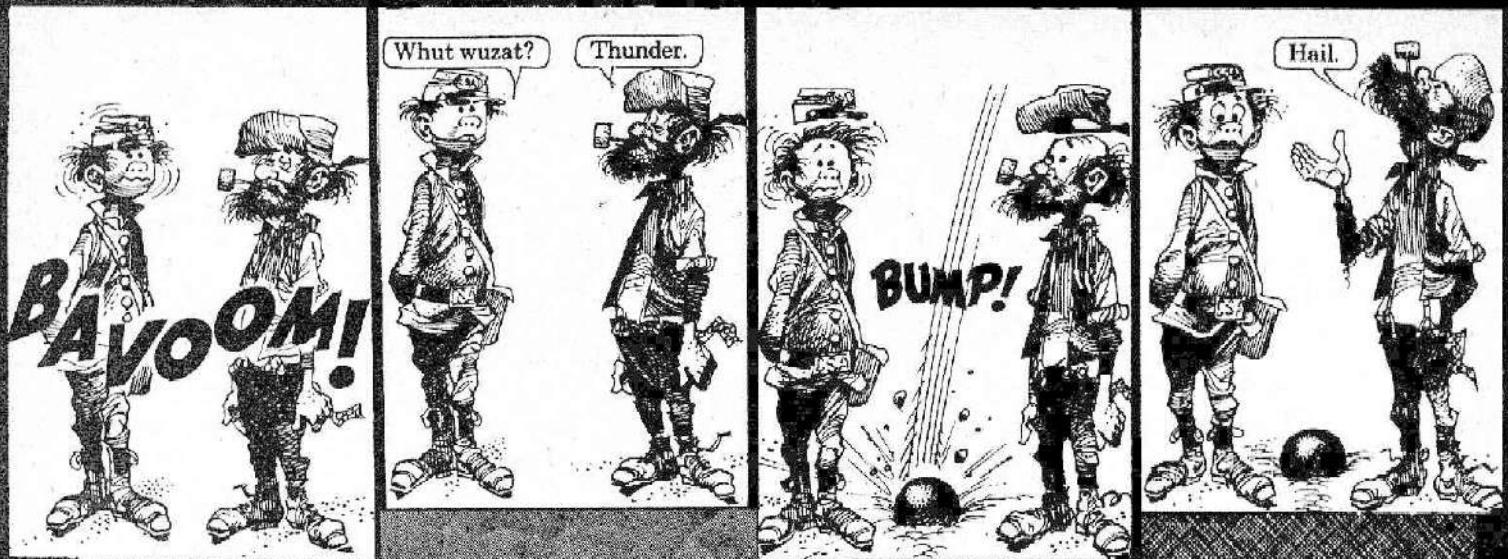
Though Macbeth was hung up on his guilt  
Lady M. made his complexes wilt.  
Seems his wife turned him on  
When the guests were all gone.  
She wore hot pants with her mini-kilt.

Macbeth cried: "I am doomed. My, oh, me, oh!  
Must consult with that wild witchy trio."  
They gave Macbeth some hope.  
Was a bum horoscope.  
He was Aries (they thought he was Leo).

They told Mac. (who was weak in the knees):  
"Have no fear, you're surrounded by trees.  
Till the forest doth move  
You'll continue to groove."  
(But from moving leaves, Mac. got a breeze).

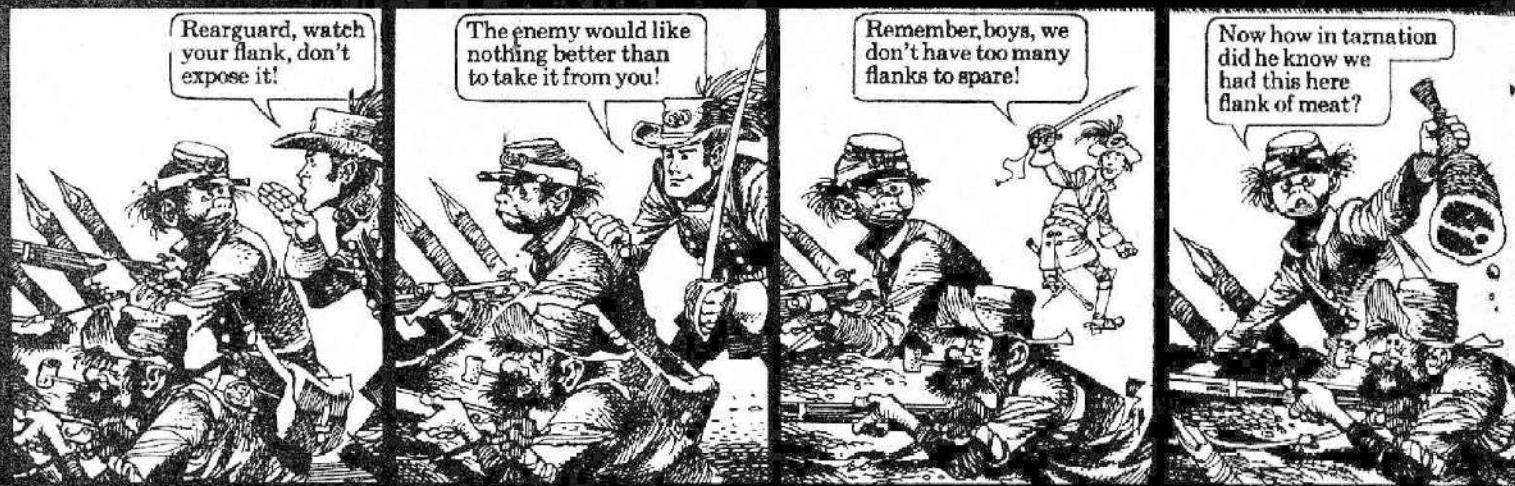
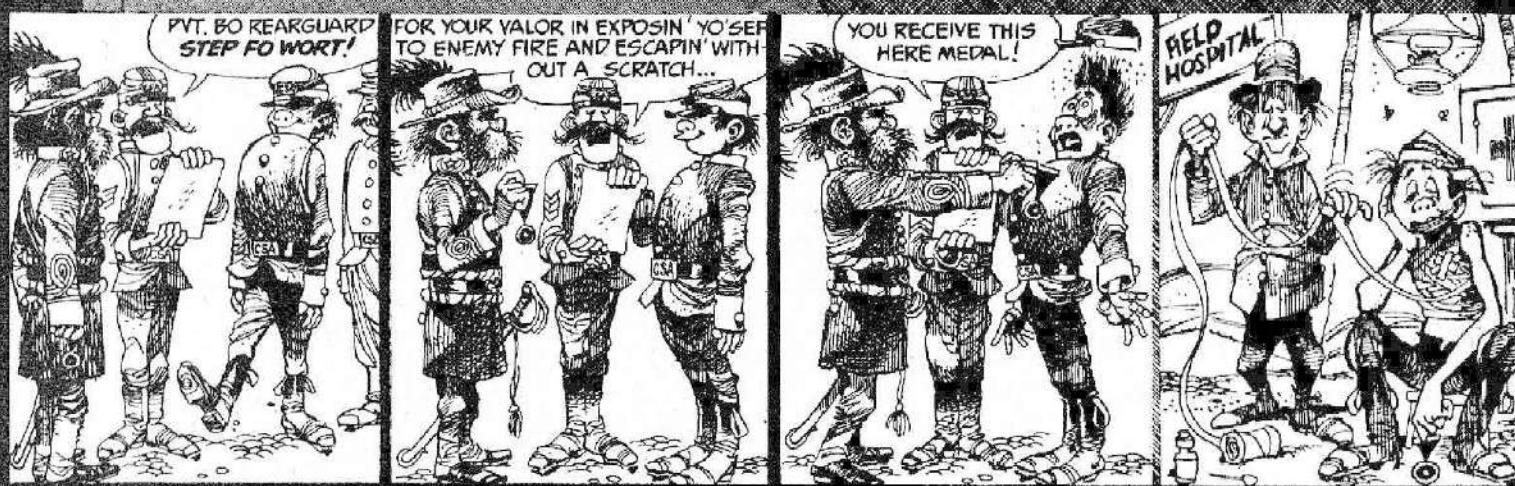
MacDuff's army used trees for a shield.  
Camouflaged they then crossed the whole field.  
Mac.—Alack and alas!  
Thought 'twas hippies with grass.  
From MacDuff's sword, he fatally reeled.

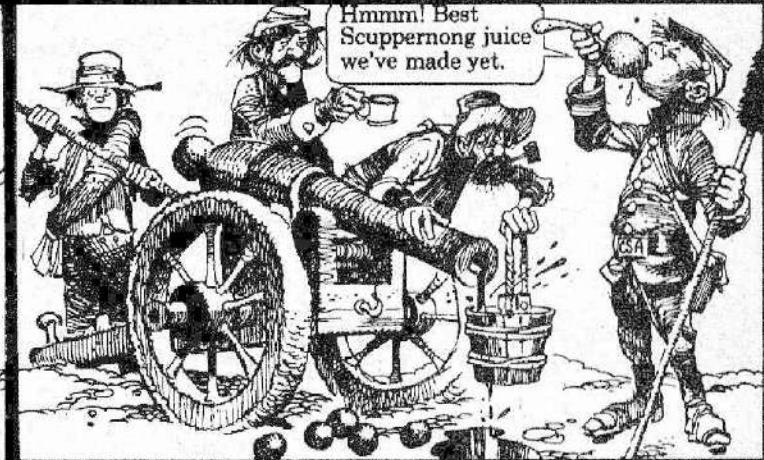
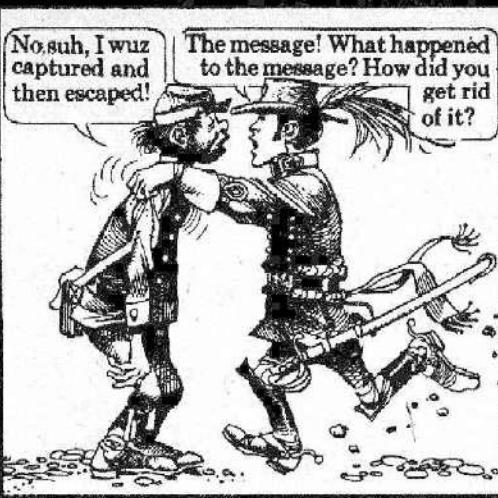
'Tis the end of the tale, as you see.  
Macbeth got it, because of a tree.  
Last words, we understand:  
"Who said nature is grand?  
To heck with all that Ecology!"



SAD SACK OF THE CIVIL WAR

# Pvt. Bo Rearguard





# THE OOOMGLIKK

by B. Wiseman





**"Who is  
Harry Kellerman  
and why is  
he saying those  
terrible things  
about me?"\***

**\* READ OUR MOVIE  
REVIEW AND FIND OUT  
...after which you'll be saying  
terrible things about us!**

by FRED WOLFE

**WARNING: Some of the material in this review is not suitable for children under 16. Not that it's obscene or anything, it's just badly written. This review is rated GP—which means it will make you so sick that's what you'll need—a GP. So read on at your own risk and don't throw it up to us that we didn't warn you. Just throw it up on the floor, that's all...**

This picture opens in a splendid penthouse apartment atop the General Motors building where we find Dustin Hoffman cringing—terrified that Ralph Nader might recall him and his celluloid lemon back to Detroit for a complete overhaul. He has good cause for worry, as this pitiful production is missing a few essential parts necessary to make it go—like a plot, a script, and other basic equipment too numerous to mention.

Within the next ten minutes, Dustin "The Graduate" becomes a dropout—dropping out of the fortieth floor to the sidewalk be-

less flash-back sequences that finally led to Dustin's wise decision to jump.

Instead of immediately littering the sidewalks of New York with his corpse, Dustin is next seen polluting his analyst's office with his psychotic problems. His analyst is Doctor Moses, who is not only unable to part the Red Sea, but is unable to separate poor Georgie from his dum-dum delusions. Or even his current trouble—namely, six sleepless nights in a row—no doubt brought on from reading the critics' reviews of this super stinker. The doctor has his own hang-up. In one scene he tries to get on the couch with Dustin.

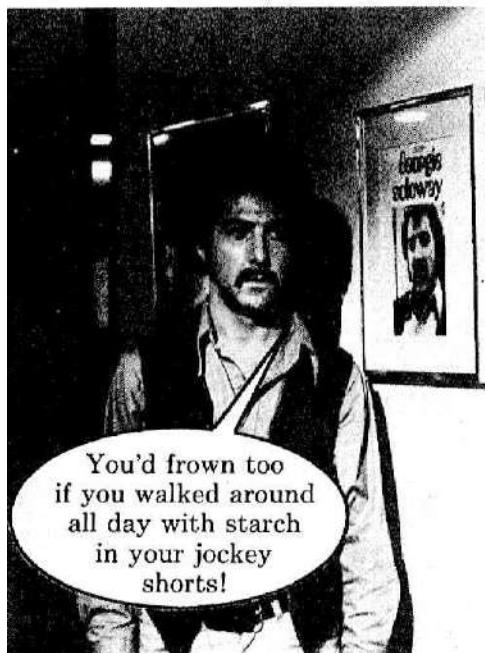
Dustin (Georgie Soloway) is supposed to be the king of rock 'n' roll songwriters, with nothing but hit after hit—which he gets from propositioning strange dames on the street. He has loads of dough, a duplex penthouse apartment, foreign cars, wall-to-wall broads, and even a season pass to "Colonel Sanders"—yet he's unhappy. This is because he is missing the one vital thing to complete his life—his own key to the men's room!

Since Georgie has the magic touch, everybody is always looking to touch him—mostly for a loan—or to sprinkle a little of his stardust on up-and-coming new rock groups like: "The Harris Tweed Truss" . . . "The Un-Paid-For Cadillac" . . . the sensational "Ripped Zipper" . . . or that great



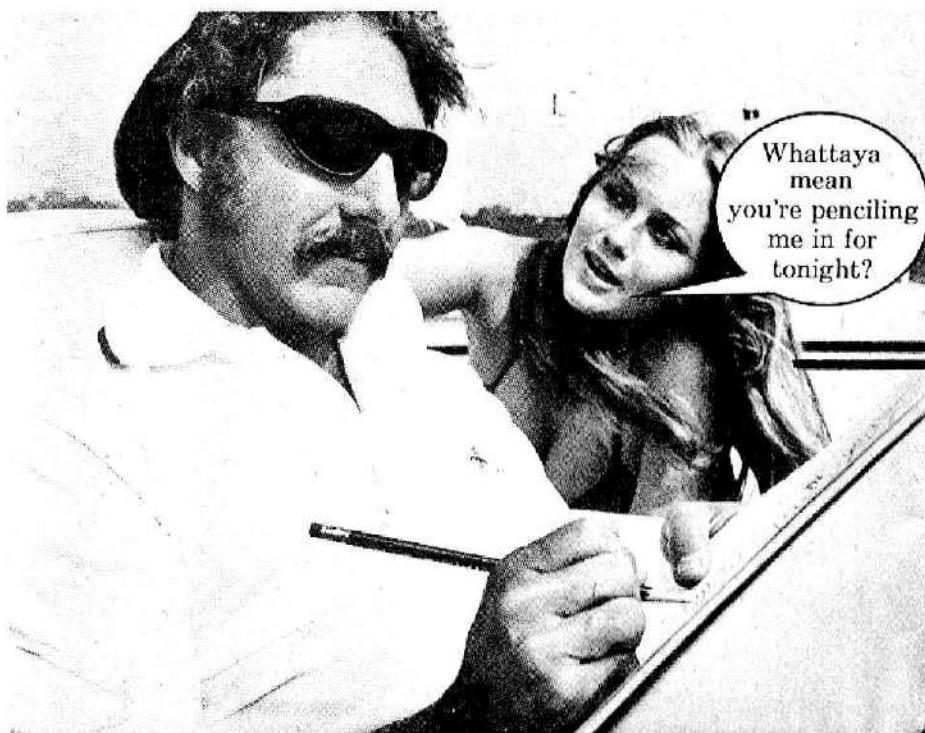
new Women's Lib outfit "The Barbequed Brassiere." They all want their groups at the head of the charts. Unfortunately, poor Georgie is now at the head of the charts himself—the hospital charts. In fact, he is practically at death's door—with his doctor trying to pull him through!

Meanwhile, back at the psychiatrist's couch, we find Georgie Soloway telling the bad news about his predicament to his shrink—which is a good name for this doctor—as he not only shrinks Georgie's head, but his bank account as well. It seems the doctor is fond of using shock treatment—namely, his bill! After seeing Dr. Moses for over seven years, Georgie is still in the weirdo wilderness, but continues as a patient. This is due to the psychiatrist's brilliant gim-



low. Right away, this should have been a tip-off to the audience, especially when he is followed in quick succession by the writer, director and producer, who are obviously too chicken to face the critics, after laying such a monumental egg.

As Georgie Soloway, (Dustin Hoffman) tumbles in slow-motion through space, he is seen re-writing his suicide note. Too bad he didn't do the same for the script! At this point, the picture credits are flashed on the screen. Though, why anyone would want to take credit for this picture, is beyond me. We would have all been better off, if they had flashed: "The End" instead of forcing the audience to endure the torture of end-



mick of creating a "Psychosis of the Month Club"—featuring two new neuroses of George's own choice.

Dustin tells the doctor that someone named Harry Kellerman is calling up around town, badmouthing him and costing him four chicks, two recording contracts, and worst of all, his subscription to "Playboy." When Georgie says he feels suicidal, his psychiatrist does the only practical thing—he asks to be paid in advance. However, since Georgie has a split personality, he is able to divide the bill in half.



While in the headshrinker's office, Georgie starts to recall his early manhood, when he got a few girls into trouble—and a few girls who got him into trouble! Georgie pours out his heart in the analyst's office, whereupon the doctor acts instantly—to mop up the floor. After scenes showing Solloway being deserted by all his buddies and girl friends, Georgie gets desperate and calls "Dial-A-Prayer." After listening to a few of his problems however, they hang up on him. To make matters worse, he calls up "Suicides Anonymous" and they try to talk him into it!

And so, in the middle of the night, insecure Georgie calls up his accountant—and forces him to read the income figures from Georgie's many musical triumphs.



I bet you say that to all the girls you pick up on the street and bring here to your apartment!

All the while Georgie is really thinking of different figures like 36-28-36 (in assorted blond, brunette and redhead containers). Finally, Georgie shows a flash of normal thought—he imagines his ex-wife has just jumped off the building. He figures she wants to show everybody the stuff she's made of.

After this midnight interlude by our "Midnight Cowboy," Dustin now imagines that his psychiatrist is a witch-doctor—limiting his practice to that of doctoring witches. He also imagines that the doctor's pretty secretary is partially nude. Which shows how sick he actually is, seeing that she is really **totally** nude. The worst indication of Georgie's deteriorating mind however is when he starts eating grapes all the time. Now ordinarily this isn't so terrible—but off the wallpaper?

While riding around town in his limousine in search of sleep (preferably with a girl carrying a mattress) Georgie recalls an audition he attended where he met a singer named Allison. Right away he got stuck on her—as she was wearing a dress made out of fly paper. With flying on his mind, he takes her up in his private plane—which is a pretty sneaky way to get a chick high—and they finally land in her apartment. There she asks him if he thinks she's "that kind of a girl?" When Georgie answers "No" she proceeds to show him just how wrong he was.

Now Georgie reaches a true state of desperation—he heads

for Brooklyn! Here his father runs a restaurant the size of a restroom. That's O.K. since the clientele are all midgets. Georgie's old man informs him that, since his son is now a famous star, he has named a sandwich after him. Only Georgie can't get too choked up about anything called the "Solloway Salami." He soon discovers that his father is in pretty bad shape. It seems that when the father last visited a doctor he was told not to buy any long-playing records. In fact, according to medical science he's been dead for 48 hours!

We finally discover that Harry Kellerman, who has been saying all those terrible things about him, is actually Georgie, gone bananas. But, to tell the truth, **anyone** who has seen this picture is bound to say terrible things about Georgie. However, as was said in the beginning, at least Dustin has the decency to commit suicide to atone for his sins... Too bad this can't be said for the other people responsible for this disaster!



Since they raised the toll in this tunnel I had to sell my car!



# NIXON Quotations From

# NIFTIES

## Chairman Dick



America can't stand Pat. And come to think of it... I can't stand Pat either!



# SICK as it seems by LANGTON

## SEYMOUR MELMAN

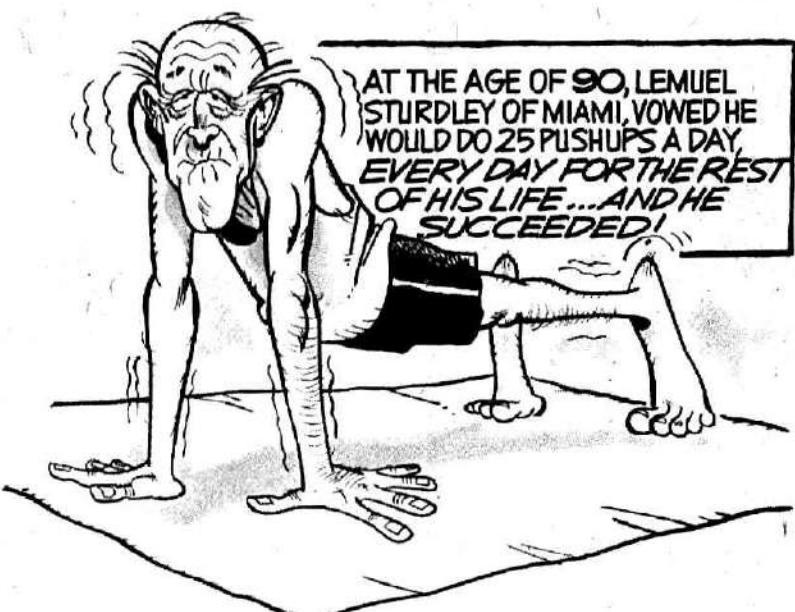
Chicago, Ill.



a puny 90lb. bookkeeper, who never exercised a day in his life, was given a 300lb. bar-bell for his birthday and LIFTED IT RIGHT OFF THE FLOOR!!! (HE IMMEDIATELY GOT A HERNIA!)



...CELEBRATED THEIR 75<sup>TH</sup> WEDDING ANNIVERSARY AND IN ALL THAT TIME THE WORD 'DIVORCE' WAS NEVER MENTIONED BETWEEN THEM!! (THE WORD 'MURDER' YES, BUT NOT 'DIVORCE!')



UNFORTUNATELY HE DIED THE VERY NEXT DAY!!!

A HOCKEY PUCK  
MADE OUT OF A FROZEN MATZOH BALL!



RIDDLE: WHAT SWINGS AND GOES DING-DONG?

ANSWER: A HIPPIE AVON LADY!

SPECIAL  
BONUS CUTOUTS

# MEDICAL DONOR CARDS

PARTS OF YOU TO BE GIVEN AWAY UPON YOUR DEATH

## LEFT KNEE DONOR CARD



I hereby will my left knee to

Joe Namath

so he can play regularly every day. In case he wants to play regularly every night I hereby will my liver and all my male hormones

Signed in  
excellent faith:

(sign your name here)

## MY BLOOD DONOR CARD



Upon my death I herewith bestow all my hard-earned blood to:

the necks and armpits of vampire victims should any be found. If not, give it to any local TV repairman

as that's what they've always wanted.

SIGNED IN  
RED BLOOD:

(sign your name here)

## ARMS & LEGS DONOR CARD



Request that after death my arms and legs be given to

any Venus deMilo statue

so that it will look normal again and be a complete bust. If no statue is found, then bestow these parts to any deserving vacationer, since traveling today costs you an arm and a leg.

Signature of  
DONOR:

(sign your name here)

## ALL-OF-ME DONOR CARD



I hereby will the following parts upon my death:

my eyes to Longstreet; my liver to

Dean Martin; my chest to Twiggy; and

the rest of me to Phyllis Diller who

could use any number of new parts

In case I'm badly mangled however, just put me in a bag and deliver me to Marcus Welby.

SIGNED

(sign your name here)



MORE INSIDE FRONT COVER

BONUS CUTOUTS

**SICK**

**FROWN BUTTON**



**EMBLEM  
& PATCH**

(PUT ON A ZAPPY FACE)

